VOL. CCXVIII, No. 2849
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SEPTEMBER 18, 1954

The SPHERE

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If you haven't yet driven the Shell mile, you're lucky in one thing at least — you have a great pleasure waiting for you.

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When the meal's an occasion . . .

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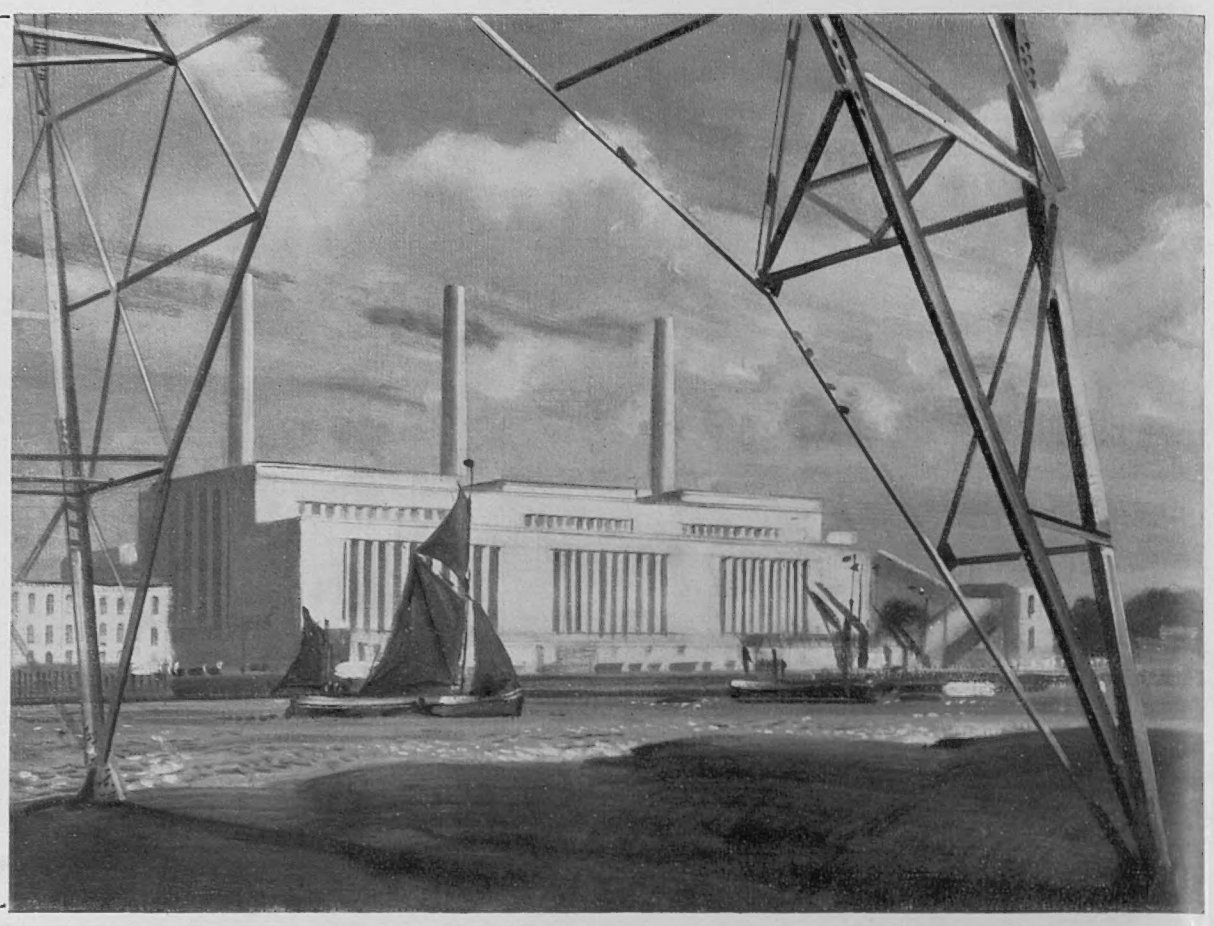
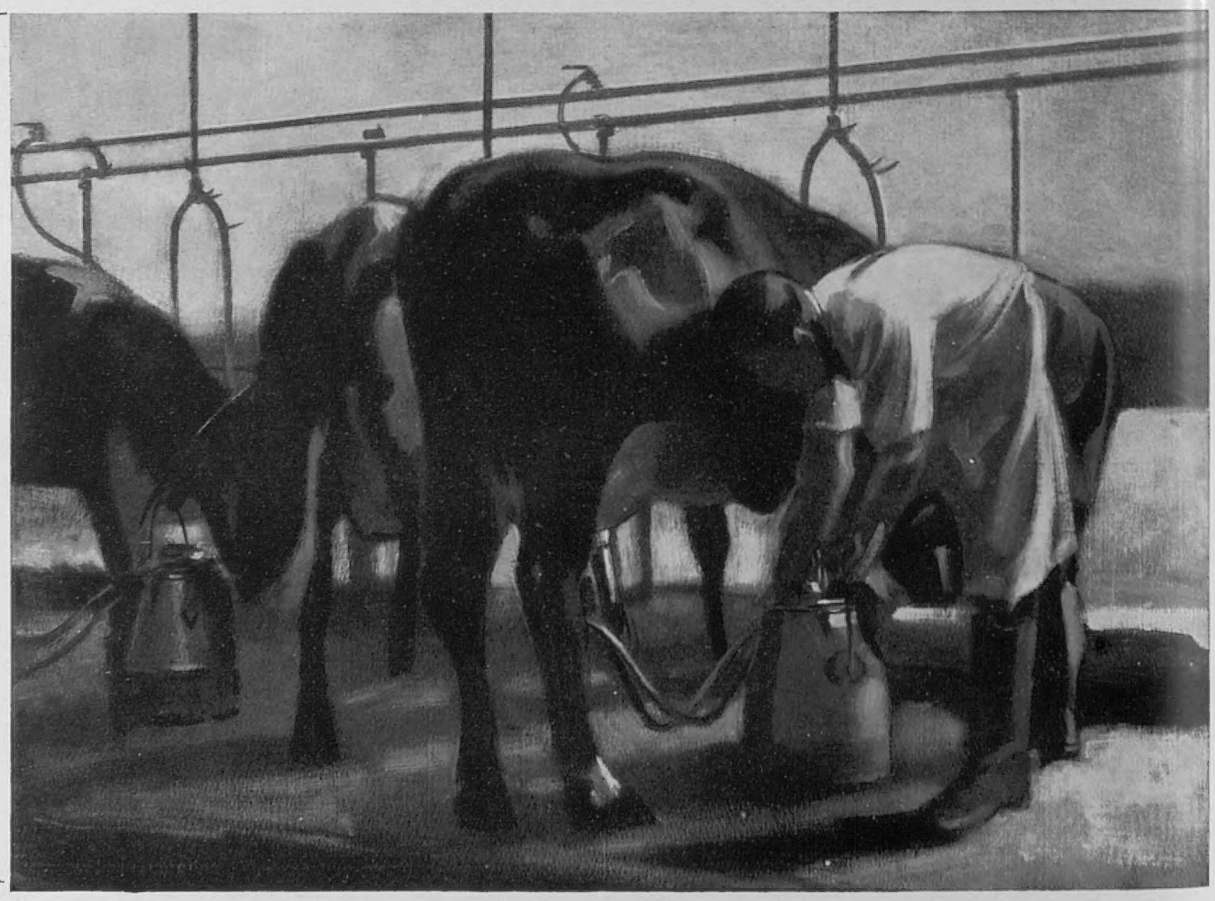
More electricity for Britain . . . forty great power stations built in six years . . . and power output increased by 50 per cent! As the new turbines and generators are set whirring, as more current is produced, new transformers and switchgear distribute and control it. Much of this equipment for generation and supply is made by The ENGLISH ELECTRIC Company . . . and also much of the equipment by which electricity is put to use in the service of industry, agriculture, transport, and the private citizen.



bringing you

As electricity reaches deeper into the quiet countryside, it brings not only light and comfort, but *power* for our basic industry: food production. It drives much farm machinery—milking-machines and separators, threshing-machines, elevators and the like—and gives warmth and light to increase the yield from poultry and other stock. By helping to bring this power to more and more country-dwellers—already to 70 per cent more farms than in 1948—ENGLISH ELECTRIC is playing its part in the vital task of filling Britain's larder.



better living

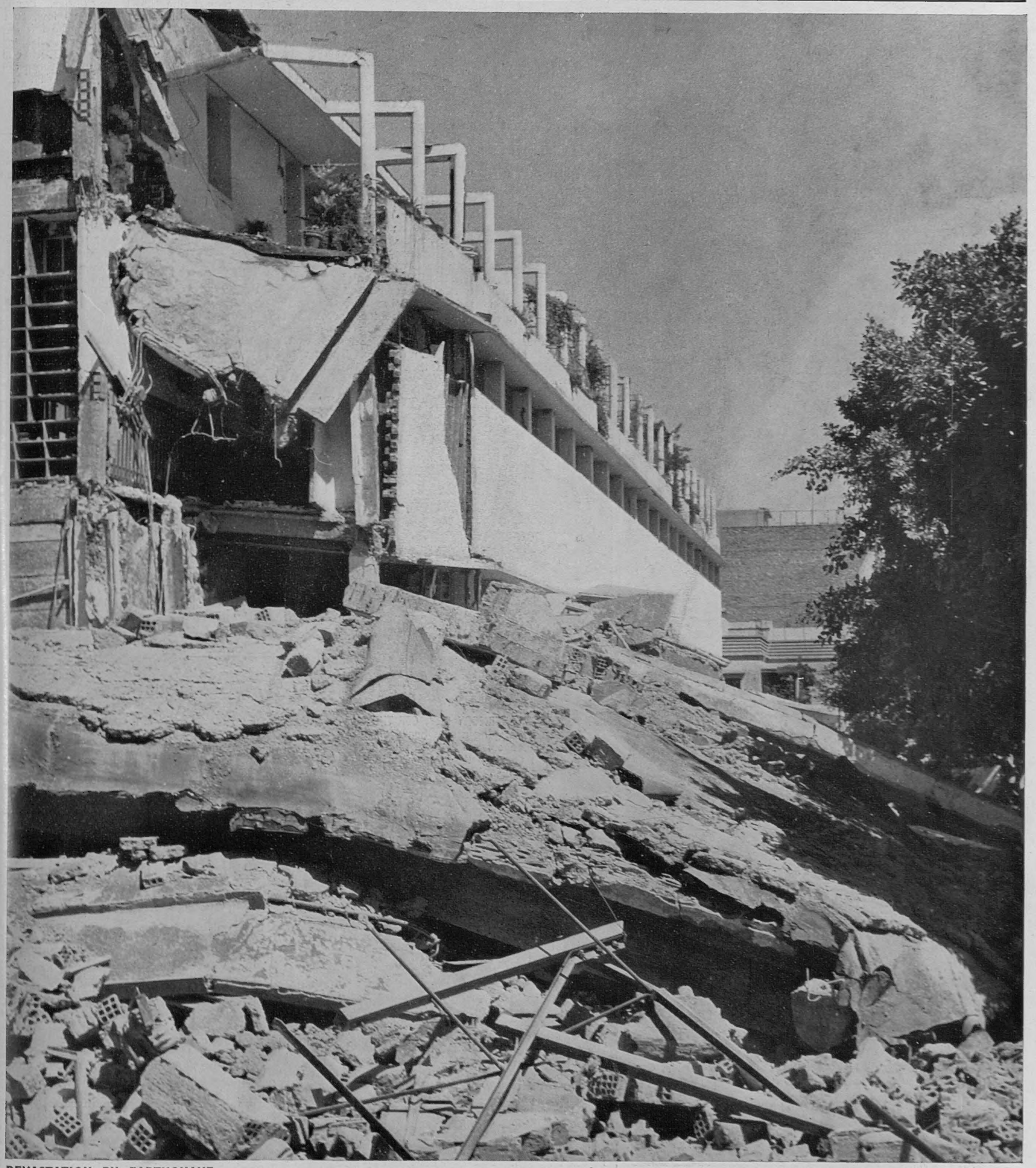
The ENGLISH ELECTRIC Company Limited, Queens House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2

Volume CCXVIII No. 2849

The SPHERE, London, September 18, 1954

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

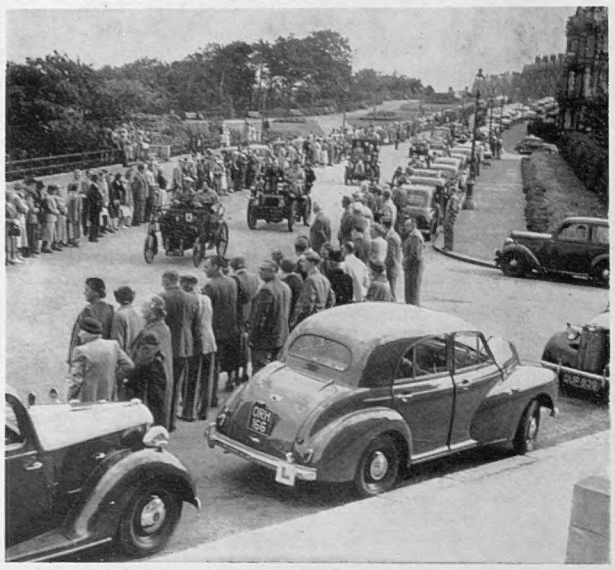


DEVASTATION BY EARTHQUAKE—THE DESTRUCTION OF THE NORTH AFRICAN TOWN OF ORLÉANSVILLE, WITH ITS TOLL OF 1,300 DEAD : The roof and walls of this building in Orléansville were torn away, and the pavement took on a crazy topsy-turvy shape soon after the disastrous earthquake which overcame the sleeping town in Algeria last week. It was some days before the debris could be cleared, but it was estimated that no fewer than 1,300 people had lost their lives.

While the town of Orléansville, 120 miles west of Algiers, lay fast asleep, a tremendous shudder ran through the earth, and within seconds stoutly built buildings had folded up and great fissures had opened up in the streets. Thus, without warning, this city of 32,000 inhabitants was overcome by the heaviest earthquake experienced in modern times in this part of the world. Underground gas-pipes were thrown above the surface of the streets, and the fires which resulted increased the terror and confusion of the panic-stricken people, who rushed out of their homes for the open country. The task of clearing the rubble and bringing out the dead was an enormous one, which took many days of unceasing labour. Doctors and nurses worked miracles in the care of the wounded in a town where virtually no building was left standing safely. The Queen sent a message of sympathy to the French President, and help from Britain came in the form of blankets and bedding flown from Gibraltar. The French Government instituted a relief fund for the victims, and the British Red Cross Society also sent aid. (Further pictures from Algeria will be found on page 424.)

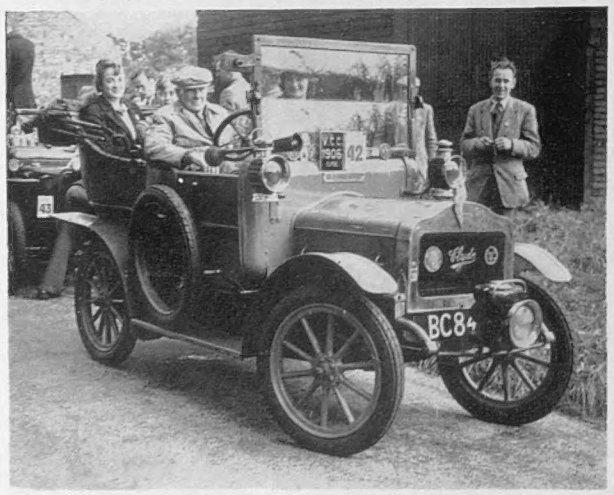
Postage—Inland, 2d. ; Canada, 1½d. ; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

ANOTHER VINTAGE CAR CONCOURSE



THE RALLY ORGANISED BY THE VETERAN CAR CLUB OF GREAT BRITAIN : Not to be confused with the Anglo-American Vintage Car run from Edinburgh to Goodwood is the Veteran Car Club's annual Hull to Scarborough Rally. This year marked the fifth successive 60-mile run, and more than 100 old motors (to call them "crocks" would be unjust) chugged their way north in friendly competition. This picture shows the scene along Scarborough's Esplanade Road, lined with many spectators, as some of the cars trundled towards Marine Drive, which was the finishing point. Six of the cars entered in the rally were built at the end of the last century, with such reminiscent names as Dogcart, Tricycle, Voiturette, Tonneau and Quadricycle. The eventual winner in the class of cars dating before 1901 in the run was an 1897 De Dion Bouton.

TWO LADY SPECTATORS ADMIRE A CAR KNOWN TO FILM-GOERS : This unusually shaped motor-car, which had completed the course from Hull to Scarborough, is the 1905 Spyker, entered and driven by Mr. F. Reece, of London; it achieved fame as the rival of the famous *Genevieve* in the film of that name, which concerned vintage cars.



THE RALLY'S OLDEST DRIVER : Eighty-seven-year-old Mr. G. A. Wait, who lives near Melton Mowbray, Leicestershire, seen at the wheel of *The Old Grey Mare*, which he, unlike any other entrant, built himself. Mr. Wait had driven from his home with members of his family on the previous day to take part in the Rally, and at Scarborough was awarded the "Oldest Driver" Cup.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SPHERE"

Orders for subscription to THE SPHERE *should be handed to any bookstall or newsagent, or addressed to the Subscription Department,* THE SPHERE, *Ingram House,* 195-198, *Strand, London, W.C.2. The rates for* 12 *months, including Christmas Number, for Great Britain and Eire, are* £5 16*s.* 6*d.*; 6 *months and Christmas Number,* £3; 6 *months without Christmas Number,* £2 16*s.* 6*d. For Canada the rates for the same periods are* £5 14*s.*, £2 19*s. and* £2 15*s.*; *and for elsewhere Overseas* £5 18*s.* 6*d.*, £3 1*s.* 3*d. and* £2 17*s.* 6*d. Terms include postage.*

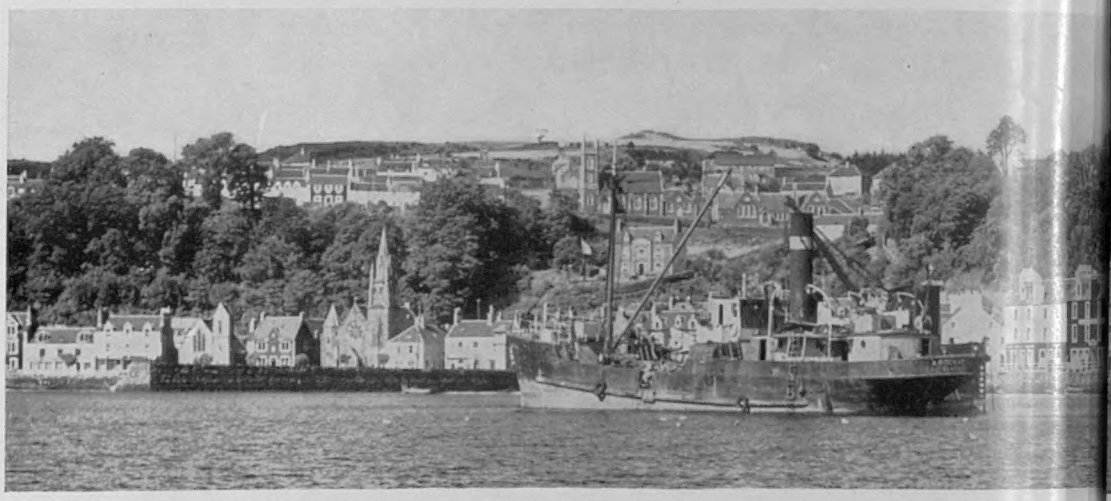
A London Newsletter

195–198, STRAND, W.C.2.

Socialist Agenda.—The time draws near for the Socialists' confabulation, inquisition, examination, discussion and preparation for the next General Election this year, next year, sometime. Certainly sometime. Perhaps not a majority of delegates is anxious for a 1954 election. The Tories have not blotted their copybooks as badly as was hoped in 1950, and since 1952 both membership and income of the Socialist Party have actually fallen. These falls would be negligible but for one remarkable fact. The Tories have been in power for a long time and it is almost common form political practice for the Opposition ranks to swell and not diminish, in reaction against the Government in power and in expectation of pickings and power to come on the swings and roundabouts of party politics. The Party's election machine is known to be a little rusty and it needs priming and oiling, and the Trades Unions, who supply quite two-thirds of the revenue of the Party, will be called on for further help. Then there is the problem of good and tried Socialist M.P.s who may find themselves displaced by the Boundary Commission's redistribution proposals. These worthy men and women must not be forgotten, and constituencies whose sitting members are to retire will be asked to choose no new candidates until the displaced persons have been fitted in. This necessity and loyalty may discourage recruitment of new and ambitious men more interested in writing M.P. after their names than in embracing any particular party creed. And the Socialist creed, despite the latest hand-book, is in need of brushing up and modernising, for, though the old problems are never disposed of, they are always making up their faces differently and demanding new identification as well as specifics. The Party will be no picnic. There will be hard work, hard words, hard thinking and a collection at the end of it.

Professor Adrian Joins Up.—Professor Edgar Adrian, Nobel prize-man, has joined my party—the anti-H-bomb group—and he is a welcome and valuable recruit. Our terms of reference are to outlaw or render less popular the explosion and use of H-bombs (and such) by propaganda, however false, and any other means in our power. We regard no lies as unfair and no means as ungentlemanlike. I concentrate on the weather. Every shower, every cloud, every wind that blows, is directly due to these explosions. The Professor goes more honestly into detail, he really knows more than I do and is a dab at those "damned dots" and at chemical formulæ. For instance, 2 tons of "Carbon 14" are freed when an H-bomb explodes. This substance takes 5,000 years to lose even half of its dangerous radio-activity. It follows (though I don't quite see how) that the explosion of 1,000 tons of H-bombs (and we are getting on) would put more radio-activity in the air than we could endure and survive; and such would be the condition of our atmosphere for 4,300 years beyond the lifetime of still living men. So World War III must be short and sweet if there is to be any life on this planet before the year A.D. 6254, and then what? Jellyfish again.

THIS YEAR'S EXPLORATION OF THE SUNKEN SPANISH GALLEON



THE SCENE AT TOBERMORY BAY, OFF THE ISLAND OF MULL : Exploration continues on the Spanish Armada galleon, reputedly carrying a vast hoard of gold, which is believed to have sunk in Tobermory Bay in 1588. Previous attempts to salvage the ship were rewarded by the discovery of swords, fire-arms and cannon, but no gold has come to light. By Royal Charter the Duke of Argyll is the legal owner of anything found in a galleon which irrefutably sank in the Bay, but the Duke has stated that the purpose of the present search is not primarily that of hunting gold. The expedition, he said, is an attempt to identify and explore the only known galleon of the Spanish Armada. Operations are being directed from the s.s. *Ardchattan* by Rear-Admiral Patrick McLaughlin, R.N. (Retd.), and Lieut.-Commander L. K. Crabb who led the team which located the wreck four years ago. A major task is the removal of thousands of tons of silt and mud which lie over the remains, after which attempts will be made to surface them from their resting place in 10 fathoms of water.

The Leger.—The Leger is surely the Northern Derby, and Yorkshire's Ascot has been Doncaster for 150 years. The Leger has been No. 1 society news in all the fashionable memoirs since 1820. Creevey, the first columnist of his day, seldom missed it and loved to record the bets and follies of the "Legs," Petre, Fawkes, the Bentincks, and the rest. The local bigwigs all had large parties and all the squires entertained, the men riding in to Doncaster to "learn the odds" after dinner and the women making up their books on the information obtained. None more racy than the party at Bishopsthorpe, where Archbishop Vernon-Harcourt was a chief patron of the Moor, betted heavily and never missed a race. The Lascelles menfolk from Harewood dipped deeply and were stung sometimes, and even party politics and Canning were forgotten for a few days. And still the excitement is worked up; still many of the same houses fill their bedrooms, and still the entries for the Leger are enormous—380 of them reduced to twenty acceptors on the eve of the race. In short, never say die. For those who do not race and have dates which they must keep in the South, it is wise to avoid, during the races, that stretch of A1 which runs through Doncaster town. But Doncaster and its racecourse *is* Yorkshire and accounts for all my notions of that great shire which is not my particular cup of tea, but a very strong and popular brew.

Lord Cooper Comfortable.—The President of the Court of Session enjoyed the other day the rare distinction and privilege of reading his own obituary notice. This experience he shares with Brougham who (through a brother on the staff of *The Times*) was suspected of having engineered it. I don't remember if Brougham had reason to enjoy what he read about his life and character. *De mortuis nil nisi bonum* was not so universal a principle in the newspaper world then, as now. Lord Cooper, reported dead in the *Scottish Daily Express*, had no reason to deplore posterity's verdict. He was favourably reviewed as a very sound lawyer, a humane judge and a notable dog-lover who knew nothing about dogs. When the time comes, I hope long hereafter, for a more universal appreciation of his merits and great services, I shall expect a special section to be devoted to his remarkable knowledge of dogs. For he has had a fine opportunity, given to very few, to repair the gaps in his education and fill in the few *lacunae* in a versatile genius. The day will come, before Cerberus wags his tail to receive him on the other side, when Cruft's accept him as a first authority on dogs as well as the dog's best friend. Very few of us are given a chance to correct our obituaries for press and to afford Posterity a true picture of our versatility.

Here and There.—While some of us are cleverly missing what grouse there are—and what there are, in my experience, are "strong on the wing and look as large and travel as fast as motor-buses on the Portsmouth Road—or hauling an occasional salmon from the Findhorn, the Nairn or the glorious Deveron, others less fortunate, but probably wealthier, have been enduring the "intolerable heat" of London and risking sunstroke while they boost the popular gambling counters on 'change, the "gussies" and the gold-mines, the stores and the shipping lines. We hear of new "all-time Highs," and since every form of holiday costs money, it is always pleasant to read the stock-prices columns that a little venture fluttered without much hope as an investment has suddenly leapt into prominence and reaped 30 per cent. on one's modest outlay. "*Sic vos non vobis mellificatis apes.*" You busy and sweltering bees in Throgmorton Street are paying for my cartridges, if that is any comfort to you. It certainly helps me to shoot more freely at pigeons and small game. But it is odd how little relation exists between City optimism and world-political confidence.

£500 a Year.—

"I often wish that I had clear
For life £600 a year,
A handsome house to lodge a friend,
A river at my garden's end."

How nearly this year has that ideal, so remote to the old-time poet, become commonplace to the million

of this apparently prosperous country—on paper! The £10 pay-packet is average earnings, the handsome (or not so handsome) house is there to lodge a friend in, and most of us this year have found a river at our garden's end. £500 a year average! It doesn't surprise me that it is hard to tempt a man or woman into one's kitchen for £8 a week, all found. It does surprise me that there are still a few men willing to take on the job of gardener at £6 a week, with cottage and rates, water and light, free. But of course the old poet's £600 is not the £500 plus £100 of to-day. In his day, I suppose, it represented £1,500 a year in our money. Nevertheless, the T.U.C. in its deliberations might devote more time to thanking God than to criticising shareholding drones and plutocrats of industry, for it does seem that what cake remains after Mr. Butler has finished his tea, is pretty fairly and widely shared among the "drones" and the busy bees.

Our Food and Kitchens.—I shall miss (have missed) the Food Fair at Olympia, but I have read the pæans of praise. In the last weeks I have got back some of my lost interest in eating. There is no doubt that of late our meals have become more tempting, at least less drab than for the past fifteen years. Some of that improvement is due, of course, to the butcher's freedom. Iced and ancient cow is no longer the weekly joint. We have freshly remembered the taste of lamb and other meats. But no doubt more is due to those marvellous little packets which contain the art of a *cordon bleu*, translated by any housewife into reality by mere dilution or gently unfrozen to form a Ritz-like *plat du jour*. All these and many new delights were revealed at Olympia, with easy instructions for simple translation. But of course these pleasures and this leisure must be paid for, and those who cannot afford the gadgets and buy the prepared delicacies feel an anxiety about the effect of these olympias on the girls who will be housewives and once were wont to learn the job in the houses of those who needed them. A decade hence, will there exist a cook who can make an appetising dish of peas or beans fresh from the garden or can turn the remains of the Sunday joint into something which attracts the

family? I doubt it. I fear that the kitchen of the future will need no more than a single gas-ring. The needy will have to live on husks and shepherd's pie.

Comparisons are Odious.—I used to get ugly letters sometimes during my Highland holidays from Scotophobes if I let my enthusiasm for the mountaineers and their way of life obtrude too far. These Scotophobes usually dipped their poison pens in the ink-wells of military London clubs and signed themselves, when not preferring anonymity, "yours, disgusted, ——, major" or "col. (ret.)." I am more careful now, for I prefer a holiday free from fans and indignant readers, and to make myself safe in the military clubs I announce that *everything* is not much better done in Scotland than in England. Coal, for instance. Up here, you still find (and pick out if you can from your cooking stove) 20 per cent. of slabs of slate, chalk, and other incombustible masonry from your supply of graded small anthracite, and it is surprising how large those slabs look when the layer of coal dust is burnt off them. Then the postal service. All honour to the brave who push-bicycle many miles a day over hill roads and sheep tracks to deliver the goods. But nearer civilisation, in the very environs of the Northern Capital, one might expect, at a time of year when mail trains run up to time and air services are constant, to receive one's morning post before mid-day. At the same time, what a trusty servant and faithful friend is Jock the Post! He will advise you about a salmon fly, forecast the weather, bring you up an ounce of tobacco, supply your daily paper, give an order to the nearest grocer and carry up a vital item next morning. Perhaps that is why he calls so late in the morning.

THE OLD STAGER

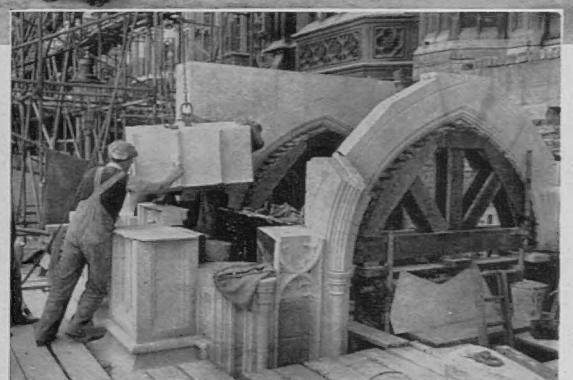
IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

BRITAIN'S CARAVAN INDUSTRY

By JOHN MAY

An Account of a Virile Industry, which is Expanding Rapidly

RESTORATION PROGRESS AT THE PALACE OF WESTMINSTER



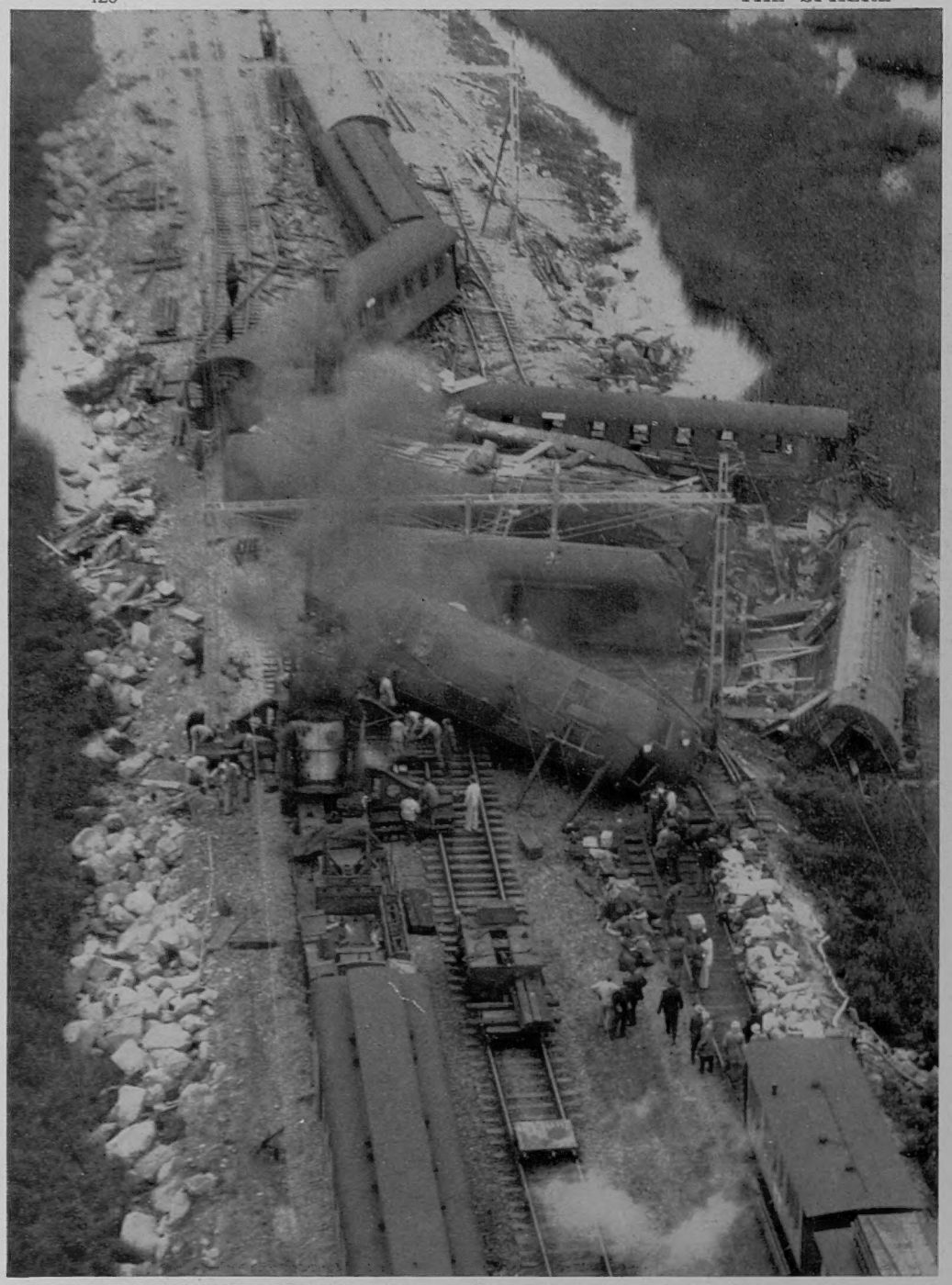
THE KEYSTONE OF THE DOORWAY INTO THE HOUSE OF LORDS IS RAISED: Passers-by stop to watch workmen as they position the heavy stone during the extensive restoration work. The Peers' entrance to the Houses of Parliament is the latest part of the Palace of Westminster to be tackled by the Ministry of Works. Much of the stonework has decayed, and several months will be devoted to restoring this part of the building to its former appearance. The nineteenth-century lanterns which hang on either side of the entrance will be converted to electricity. *Inset on right*—Workmen manipulate a ponderous block of Clipsham stone from Rutland, which will be part of the new entrance. The Victoria Tower, nearly a century old and standing more than 300 ft. high, has at last lost the mantle of scaffolding which obscured it from view for many years.

TERRITORIAL EXERCISES ON SALISBURY PLAIN

COMET TANKS CROSS THE RIVER AVON DURING EXERCISE "LONDON PRIDE": This picture was taken a few days ago when 12,000 men and 4,000 vehicles of the 56th (London) Armoured Division (T.A.) practised an approach march, an opposed river-crossing, and a break-out from the bridgehead against an atomically-armed enemy. Salisbury Plain is the scene of diverse military operations by Territorial units, especially at this time of the year when many men attend their annual camp. *Inset on left*—Surprise and deception; during the same Exercise, members of the Joint Concealment Centre inflate a rubber dummy Centurion tank with a motor-pump. Directing the entire Exercise was Lieut.-General Sir Francis Festing, who toured the extensive area of operations on horseback.

WORLD SURVEY

A PICTORIAL ACCOUNT OF RECENT EVENTS IN EUROPE, ASIA, AMERICA AND AUSTRALIA



A FATAL TRAIN DISASTER IN SWEDEN: This picture shows carriages of the train strewn across the tracks as rescue workers and salvage men go about their business. Six people were killed by the crash and fifty injured. The train, which was travelling on the line from Stockholm to Malmö, was carrying about 400 passengers, most of them returning from their holidays, when it ran off the rails, some carriages plunging into the marshy land alongside the track, which can be seen in the picture. At first it was feared that bodies might have fallen into some of the many ponds and frogmen were employed to search these, but no casualties were found. All the six people who were killed, among whom were two women and a child, were travelling in the same 3rd-class carriage, in the centre of the train, which appears to have suffered most from the crash. Flags were flown at half-mast along the length of the track where the accident occurred.

THE NEW BRITISH AMBASSADOR TO THE NETHERLANDS TAKES UP HIS APPOINTMENT: Sir Paul Mason, the British Ambassador, is seen on his arrival at Dam Square, in Amsterdam, inspecting a guard of honour composed of officers and men of the Royal Netherlands Navy, before entering the Palace. Sir Paul Mason, who was accompanied by Mr. Charles Stewart, Counsellor, Mr. Edward Willin, First Secretary, and Captain Cartwright, the Naval Attaché, presented his credentials to Queen Juliana. Sir Paul Mason succeeds Sir Nevile Butler, who resigned some time ago.

A TUG COLLIDES WITH A PASSENGER LINER AT CUXHAVEN: The tug, the ***Fairplay I***, **is seen wallowing helplessly on her side against the liner *Italia* after crashing into her during a turning manœuvre. Below—Another tug has a line on the overturned *Fairplay I* in an attempt to salvage her.** Most of the people on the tug were able to jump overboard and were rescued, but the skipper's five-year-old son was asleep in his father's cabin at the time of the collision and was drowned. As well as its normal crew, the tug was carrying guests, among them three women and a five-year-old girl. All of these were rescued. The accident was witnessed by several thousand people who had congregated on the Steubenhoft pier at Cuxhaven to see the 22,000-ton passenger liner dock. The *Fairplay I*, which was of 160 tons, was built in 1951, and is owned by the Richard Borchard Company, of Hamburg. The *Italia* suffered only slight damage from the collision.

THE PERSIAN GOVERNMENT GIVE CAVIARE TO MEMBERS OF THE OIL CONSORTIUM IN TEHERAN: From left to right in this picture are Fazlollah Nafici, a Persian oil expert; Dr. A. Amini, Persian Finance Minister; and Howard Page, the Vice-President of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey and the chief non-Persian negotiator in the meetings which have been held in Teheran recently. The caviare, which is in the parcels held by these men, was presented to the negotiators by the Persian Government after the final draft of the oil agreement was initialled. The initialling of this agreement has not involved Persia in any commitments, as it will have to be ratified by the Majlis before it becomes law. The agreement is, however, the first step in resuming the long delayed flow of oil from Persia.

GOVERNOR DEWEY ANNOUNCES HIS PENDING RETIREMENT FROM POLITICAL CIRCLES : Mr. Thomas E. Dewey is seen with his wife after he had announced in a television speech that he would not seek re-election to the governorship of the State of New York in November. This statement has caused some excitement in American political circles, as it was previously thought that the November elections would be a walk-over for the Republican Party, to which Mr. Dewey, a popular man, belongs. It is now thought that their chances are not at all so good.

200,000 AT OPEN-AIR MASS IN GERMANY : This picture shows the congregation at the Johannisau Field at Fulda watching the procession leaving at the end of the service. The Mass marked the end of the seventy-sixth German Catholic Laymen's Conference.

MORE DEMONSTRATIONS IN NEW DELHI : A group of demonstrators who object to the killing of cows are seen trying to break through a police cordon in front of the Parliament Building in New Delhi. For a short time these demonstrations, which were organised by the Sadhus, or religious men, became a daily event. Every day a group of the Sadhus would meet in front of the Parliament Buildings carrying saffron-coloured flags inscribed with swastikas, and, in an orderly manner, would try to convince the police on duty of the righteousness of their cause. The police would refuse permission for the Sadhus to enter the building and a fight would follow. Inevitably, the police would win the scuffle, and the religious men would retire.

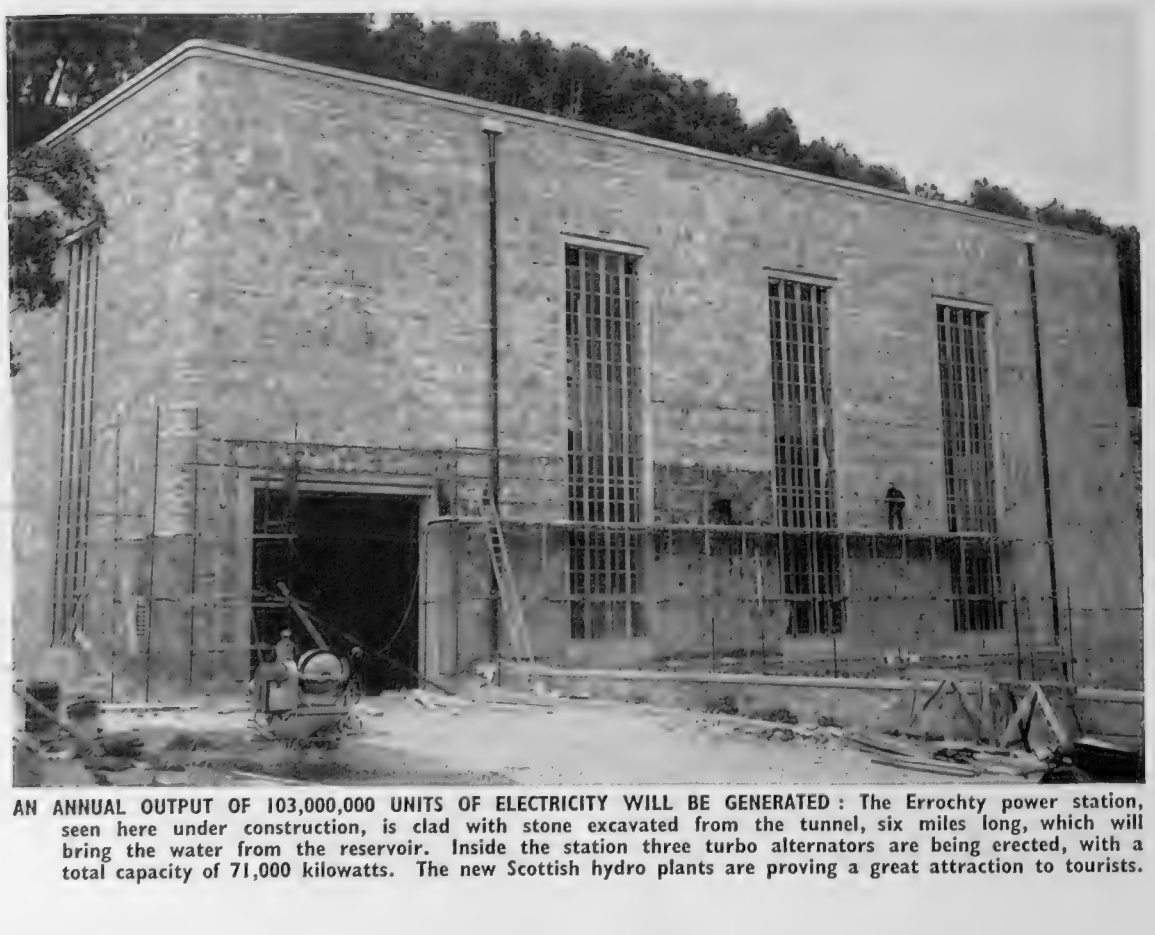
THE CONQUERORS OF K2 ARE FÊTED AFTER THEIR ARRIVAL IN ROME : Three members of the successful Italian Himalayan team are seen, garlanded with flowers, as they answer reporters' questions in Rome. With them, also garlanded, is Signor Costa, the Vice-President of the Italian Alpine Club, who flew to Karachi to see the team. The three climbers, who are the first to return, are Achille Compagnoni, Ubaldo Rey and M. Fantin.

On right—

MRS. PETROV TELLS HER STORY : The wife of Vladimir Petrov, the central figure in the investigation by the Australian Royal Commission on Espionage, has spent many days giving evidence. This picture shows her leaving the building in which the Inquiry is being held in Sydney, after one of the hearings. On one occasion, during cross-examination Mrs. Petrov broke down and was led sobbing from the witness-box. She gave evidence about the Soviet Secret Police and their methods of holding the relatives of their suspects as hostages. The end of the Commission's inquiry is not yet in sight. The Petrov case is having wide repercussions among politicians in Australia.

SIR DAVID ECCLES VISITS THE ST. ERIK'S FAIR AT STOCKHOLM : The Minister of Works is seen inspecting a gramophone in the British Pavilion at the Fair, which closed this week. On the right is the British Ambassador in Stockholm, Mr. Robert Hankey. The St. Erik's Fair is an international event, and this year there were twenty-nine nations exhibiting manufactured goods.

A NEW "MONARCH OF THE GLEN" STANDS IN THE HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND: Some of the twenty-eight buttresses of the vast dam at the new reservoir in Glen Errochty in Perthshire, now nearing completion. This project is one of the biggest in the North of Scotland Hydro-Electric Board's development of electric power in the Highlands. The dam will be 1,400 ft. long and reach a maximum height of 130 ft. It is expected that the reservoir will be in working order by the late autumn



AN ANNUAL OUTPUT OF 103,000,000 UNITS OF ELECTRICITY WILL BE GENERATED: The Errochty power station, seen here under construction, is clad with stone excavated from the tunnel, six miles long, which will bring the water from the reservoir. Inside the station three turbo alternators are being erected, with a total capacity of 71,000 kilowatts. The new Scottish hydro plants are proving a great attraction to tourists.

THE NEWEST SCOTTISH POWER STATION NEARS COMPLETION

Working Day and Night, Engineers will Finish this Highlands Electricity Project this Year

Since the war, the Scottish Highlands have been transformed into one of the most potent sources of electric power in the world. No longer do Landseer's "Monarch of the Glen" and "Stag at Bay" stand there in lonely grandeur. The natural resources are being harnessed in a hydro-electric scheme which rivals the Tennessee Valley in America. Ten years ago the North of Scotland Hydro-Electric Board initiated a bold plan for forty-five power stations in the Highlands. At first these schemes aroused local and national objections, but these were overcome when the advantages of the project were considered impartially. A score of the Board's hydro stations have been completed to date. This is in advance of the original time-table.

The next stage in development, which is now nearing completion, is the vast reservoir in Perthshire, in the Tummel Valley in Glen Errochty, south of the Pass of Killiecrankie, where "Bonnie Dundee" routed the English in his famous "two-minute charge" in 1689. It is hoped that it will be ready for water by the late autumn and that the first generating sets will be started, testing and working up immediately afterwards. Errochty is the third part of the project in the Tummel-Garry valleys. The first

On right—
AN ARTIFICIAL LAKE 1,000 FT. ABOVE THE SEA: These flying buttresses, reminiscent of medieval style, will dam water in the reservoir for the power station by Loch Tummel below.

reservoirs at Pitlochry and Clunie, are already working. Besides providing enormous power, they are a great draw to tourists. Some 100,000 visitors were taken round the Pitlochry works last year.

The Errochty reservoir will divert water from the River Garry and its tributaries to Loch Tummel. This will add to the output of the Clunie station. A massive concrete dam has now arisen in Glen Errochty. From this water will be supplied through a six-miles-long tunnel to the Errochty power station at the upper end of Loch Tummel. The dam, with its twenty-eight buttresses, has nearly reached its scheduled length of 1,400 ft. and height of 130 ft. In every twenty-four hours, 500 men—400 on the day shift and 100 on the night shift—are working to build up the concrete at the rate of 3,500 cubic yards a week. The tunnel has been driven to its completion with amazing precision and is now complete.

The station building, which is also nearly finished, is of reinforced concrete, with an outer covering of stone excavated in the tunnelling operations. Inside, three turbo-alternators are being assembled. They have a total capacity of 71,000 kilowatts and it is estimated they will put out an average of 103,000,000 units of electricity a year. Errochty will provide valuable additional supplies for Central Scotland. The North of Scotland Hydro-Electric Board's development scheme is bringing electricity to farms, crofts and villages all over the Highlands. Besides this, the electric power is available for industry, and there is no doubt that this availability has attracted many new industries to Scotland in recent years. The hydro stations are also proving a great tourist attraction, which adds to the prosperity of their localities.

WORK CONTINUES ALL NIGHT: Floodlights are directed on to the buttresses of the dam for the 100 workers on the night shift. Another 400 men work by day. The Errochty project is to be completed by the late autumn.

On right—

THE ENTRANCE TO THE SIX-MILE TUNNEL: This is the channel, 15 ft. in diameter, through which the water will flow to the power station. The tunnel has been driven with extraordinary accuracy, with "blind" sections linking-up precisely as the engineers planned.

ALGERIAN TRAGEDY

THE AFTERMATH OF THE EARTHQUAKE WHICH LAID WASTE THE TOWN OF ORLÉANSVILLE AND THE COUNTRY VILLAGES NEAR BY

On right—

THE ALGERIAN COUNTRYSIDE WAS NOT SPARED : An aerial view of the village of Ponteba, not far from Orléansville, shows how the tragic earthquake last week caused almost total destruction. Although greatest attention naturally centred on the populous city of Orléansville, the earthquake also hit the countryside around. In these rural areas the problem of communications, which were completely disrupted, took on a graver aspect than in Orléansville itself. For while the town could be reached conveniently by air or by main roads, the countryside had no such efficient means of communication. Many people still recalled vividly the earthquakes in Algeria eight years ago, when some 250 people lost their lives. But what was most feared by the local populations was a repetition of tremors some days after the first, such as was experienced in the Ionian Islands last year.

WRECKAGE OF A CITY : Old motor tyres, twisted steel girders, a wrecked car and a truncated building bear eloquent witness to the intensity of the earthquake which struck Orléansville.

SCARCELY A BUILDING REMAINED UNTOUCHED : The two wings of the modern High School lie crushed and battered like a collapsed pack of cards on the morning after the earthquake which overtook Orléansville by night. Fires added to the destruction.

ONCE A PROSPEROUS HOTEL : An Algerian gazes at the ruins of the Hotel Baudouin, in Orléansville, which was destroyed by the earthquake. At left can be seen the knotted sheets, with the help of which one of the guests was able to escape.

A BULLDOZER FIGHTS ITS WAY THROUGH THE RUBBLE : Soldiers working amidst the ruins of Orléansville after the disaster. The task of clearing the debris took many days, and only gradually was the full extent of the damage and the toll of dead revealed. Altogether it was estimated that there were 1,300 dead, more than 2,000 injured and over 30,000 people rendered homeless.

THE RENDEZVOUS AT FARNBOROUGH—BRITISH AIRCRAFT OF MANY TYPES LINED UP ALONG THE RUNWAY AT THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH AIRCRAFT CONSTRUCTORS' SHOW: Along the right of the runway, nearest the camera, stand the Percival Provost Trainer and next to it the Jet Provost. Above these are the Pembroke, communications aircraft, a Varsity training plane, fitted with Napier Eland engines, a Canberra, the delta-winged Vulcan, and, just to the left of this, the Valiant, both of them famous "V" class bombers. Beyond the inter-section of the runways is the Comet Mark III, the Comet II, and an Airspeed Ambassador fitted with the powerful Proteus turboprop engines. Along the left of the runway are Fairey Gannets, Meteors, a de Havilland Heron, and a Boulton Paul Balliol trainer. There were many more interesting exhibits under canvas.

BRITAIN'S AIR SHOW

Some of the Many Aircraft Seen at this Year's Show held by The Society of British Aircraft Constructors at Farnborough

Although the news of the Rolls-Royce "Flying Bedstead," which was released during the first days of the Farnborough Show, tended to make even such unusual aircraft as the Short Sherpa appear commonplace, and although there were not many new aircraft making an appearance, there were two planes present which confirmed that British aircraft-builders are still able to produce very advanced aircraft in the prototype stage.

Of these two aircraft, by far the more important, at least from the naval point of view, was the Supermarine 525, from which a naval strike aircraft is being developed. Orders have already been placed for this machine. There is at present no effective strike aircraft in the Fleet Air Arm, and although the jet-propelled Seahawks and Attackers go part of the way to filling this gap, they cannot carry a satisfactory load of bombs or rockets. With its two Rolls-Royce Avon engines, the single-seat 525 has as much power at its command as the much larger Canberra bomber.

The other aircraft appearing for the first time and which caused much interest was the Folland Midge, the prototype of the Gnat, a lightweight fighter aircraft, with an estimated performance equalling the much heavier and more expensive fighter planes usually built. A party of senior officials from the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation and the United States Air Force, who visited Farnborough during the show, displayed great interest in the performance of the Midge. After seeing the tiny aircraft in a flying display, the officials travelled to Bristol, where they had discussions with representatives of the Bristol Aeroplane Company who are making the Orpheus engine which will power the Gnat, and which, it is thought, will propel the aircraft at supersonic speeds in level flight.

Generally speaking, however, the emphasis this year at the S.B.A.C. Show was on production types, disproving the theory which has often been voiced abroad, that the British aircraft industry can produce the most remarkable prototypes, but falls down when it comes to producing them in numbers. All the super-priority aircraft now in production for the R.A.F., the Fleet Air Arm and N.A.T.O. countries were seen at Farnborough, including several models which were improvements on the types already in production.

Several aircraft seen at the Show were remarkable not for their own sake but for the fact that they were fitted out as flying test beds for new types of engines. By far the most interesting was the Meteor fighter which flew with two tiny Rolls-Royce Soar jet engines on its wing-tips. Among other aircraft in this category was the Vickers Varsity, which flew with Napier Eland turboprop engines, and the Airspeed Ambassador, fitted with the powerful Bristol Orpheus engines.

On the Thursday of the Show, which was limited to civil aircraft, visitors saw that the British aircraft industry did not confine itself solely to military planes. The two Comet air liners, the Mark II and the larger Mark III, were there as was the first production model of the great Bristol Britannia air liner.

Although bad weather caused the flying programme to be either curtailed or cancelled on some days, visitors were able to see for themselves the performances of many aircraft. A fair share of sonic bangs was heard, and the manœuvrability at speed of the tiny Fairey delta aircraft was marvelled at.

Some visitors to the Show were as interesting as some of the exhibits. One who caused a great deal of speculation was General Hans Speidel, who went as a guest of the Minister of Defence. General Speidel was Rommel's Chief-of-Staff and is now regarded as the most likely Commander for any new German Army. He refused to give any reason for his visit. Among other important but not so secretive visitors was Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands, himself a pilot.

The Show attracted its usual impressive number of visitors and adequately fulfilled its main purpose, which was to act as a shop-window for the British aircraft industry, and many firms said that they had had inquiries from prospective buyers.

THE DRAMATIC PLAN-FORM OF THE VULCAN: Britain's only delta-winged medium bomber is seen as it flies slowly overhead, under perfect control during the flying display at Farnborough. The delta-wing configuration of this plane was used because, as well as performing excellently at high speeds, the area of wing gives exceptional control at low speeds, which means less chance of accident during landing and obviates the need for long runways.

THE CROWDS ADMIRE THE STATIC DISPLAY: The bulk and unusual shape of the Vulcan proved to be a popular attraction, but, as this picture shows, aircraft employing more usual wing shapes drew their fair share of sightseers. By displaying the products of the British aircraft industry in this manner, the S.B.A.C. provide the best possible shop-window for potential purchasers from overseas.

BRITAIN'S AIR SHOW (*Cont.*)

On left—

AN UNUSUAL VISITOR FROM SHORT BROTHERS OF BELFAST: The Sherpa is seen en route to the S.B.A.C. show. Among the more unusual features of this plane are the absence of conventional elevators and ailerons, and the absence of a tail plane. The Sherpa has been designed to test the properties of a flexible wing designed to bend in a certain manner as more heavy loads are placed upon it, thus ensuring that its angle of attack remains constant. The movable tips can be used together as elevators or in opposite directions as ailerons. The Sherpa itself is not capable of high speeds because of the limitations of its engine power, but from this aircraft the makers hope to evolve a formula for future high-speed, high-altitude planes.

A POWERFUL NEW JET PLANE WHICH WILL EVENTUALLY GO INTO SERVICE WITH THE NAVY: The Supermarine 525 swept-wing aircraft is designed for naval strike purposes. The bulky Rolls-Royce Avon jet engines placed at the sides of the fuselage almost give a flying saucer appearance. With two such powerful engines on a comparatively small aircraft, it should be capable of some very high speeds and it has been described as the fastest and most powerful jet plane designed for carrier operations.

MARKING A NEW STEP IN THE BASIC TRAINING OF R.A.F. PILOTS: The Hunting Percival Jet Provost basic trainer, powered by an Armstrong-Siddeley Viper engine, is as simple to fly as many of the piston-engined trainers now used by the R.A.F. Its value lies in the fact that pilots will, from the very beginning, be accustomed to the feel of a jet aircraft and will no longer have to attend a costly jet-conversion course. By employing the already-proved piston engine Provost's airframe, the Hunting Percival Company can ensure a steady performance. A small, pre-production batch of Jet Provosts is already being built.

A STRIKING DEMONSTRATION OF BRITAIN'S AERIAL MIGHT : An interesting and impressive feature of the S.B.A.C. show was the fly-past by these five Gloster Javelin all-weather day or night fighters. This was the greatest number of these aircraft ever seen together at one time by the public. The Javelin, which carries a crew of two and a mass of electronic equipment, has been ordered into super-priority production for the Royal Air Force, and the first production model made its maiden flight only a few weeks before the S.B.A.C. show opened. Unfortunately, the R.A.F. decided that their test programme on Javelins could not be held up, and three of the aircraft were withdrawn half-way through the show. The Gloster Company has the distinction of being the first British or American company ever to build a jet-engined aircraft.

BRITAIN'S LEAD IN JET-PROPELLED PASSENGER AIRCRAFT : The De Havilland Comet III (nearer the camera) and the Mark II are seen flying high above the clouds on their way to the Farnborough Show. Despite the unfortunate crashes of the Comet Mark I earlier this year, the Comet Mark III has been ordered not only by B.O.A.C., but also by the American airline Pan American Airways, which has ordered three with an option on seven more. On the eve of the S.B.A.C. show, Mr. Duncan Sandys gave the welcome news that the cause of the two crashes near Italy had been discovered, and that although a strengthening of the Comet I's structure would be necessary, this could and would be done, and the aircraft would soon be flying again. No fundamental redesign, said Mr. Sandys, would be necessary.

ONE OF THE MOST INTERESTING AIRCRAFT AT THE SHOW: This is the much-discussed Folland Midge light jet fighter aircraft. Although it is of such small size, the Midge is in no way a utility fighter, and the makers, Folland Aircraft Ltd., claim that the production model, which will be called the Gnat, will have a speed of well over 600 m.p.h. and will possibly reach supersonic speed. The diminutive Midge is powered by an Armstrong-Siddeley Viper jet engine, and made its maiden flight only a few weeks ago, when the test pilot reported that it behaved very well.

SMALL ENGINES BUT LARGE THRUST: A Meteor is seen flying with its normal Rolls-Royce Derwent engines shut off, and powered only by the two small Rolls-Royce Soar engines attached to the wing-tips. The Soar, the latest in the Rolls-Royce River series of engines, is the most powerful jet engine of its size to be built. It weighs only 267 lb., and develops a thrust of 1,810 lb. The diameter of this jet engine is only 16 ins.

THE ENGLISH ELECTRIC CANBERRA IN A NEW GUISE: The one-sided position of the pilot's cockpit can be seen in this head-on view of the Canberra Mark 8 night intruder aircraft. The cockpit has been modified to give the better visibility necessary in the plane's new role. The Mark 8 is the latest in a long line of most successful aircraft. Among the many other claims to fame of the Canberra is that it holds most of the world's point-to-point records and the world altitude record of 63,668 ft.

BRITAIN'S AIR SHOW

Some of the Many Modern Types of Aircraft Seen at Farnborough

(Concluded)

A VALUABLE ADDITION TO FIGHTER COMMAND: The Supermarine Swift, powered by a Rolls-Royce Avon engine, and a direct descendant of the famous Spitfire, has already entered squadron service, and a later version, fitted with an afterburner and variable incidence tail-plane, will be ready soon.

A DELTA-WINGED RESEARCH AIRCRAFT IN A HIGH-SPEED TURN: The Fairey F.D.1., which was seen by the public for the first time at Farnborough this year, has for a long time been on the secret list. It is powered by a Rolls-Royce Derwent engine and made its first flight as early as 1951. The F.D.1. has been built to explore the possibilities of delta-winged aircraft. Its short wing-span (it is only 19 ft. 6½ ins., or just over half that of a comparable aircraft) is an interesting feature.

GONDOLAS PARADE ALONG THE GRAND CANAL DURING THE ANNUAL GONDOLA REGATTA IN VENICE: This picturesque scene is the climax to an annual fete watched by thousands. The gondoliers are dressed in their traditional costumes and the decorated and beflagged gondolas are grouped in sizes and types. The Carnival celebrations include races on the canal for each section. In the background is the famous Rialto Bridge, built in the late sixteenth century. The Grand Canal, which is sometimes called the "High Road" of Venice, is probably the best-known waterway in the world. It follows a winding course like an inverted "S" for 2½ miles through the centre of the city, passing 100 historic marble palaces, Gothic or Lombardesque in style. Some of them are 600 years old, and the majority date from the fourteenth-eighteenth centuries. The whole of the Regatta scene is a reminder of the days when Venice was not only "Queen Of The Adriatic" but also "Queen Of The World." The Regatta was started in the thirteenth century by the ruling doge, after he had watched a procession of decorated Gondolas stream across the bay to the lido in honour of the Feast of the Assumption. He decreed that a feast day should be held from thenceforth in honour of the gondoliers. The winners of the gondola races receive their prizes from the "fairest lady present."

VENICE HOLDS CARNIVAL

The Annual Summer Regatta of The Gondolas Along the Grand Canal is Celebrated with Traditional Pageantry

On left—

THE "QUEEN OF THE ADRIATIC" DISPLAYS HER SPLENDOUR: The gondolas stream up the Grand Canal after passing, in the background, the Renaissance Church of Santa Maria della Salute with its famous dome, which is one of the dominant features of the mouth of the canal. The posts seen in front of the palaces on the left of the picture display the colours of the liveries of their proprietors.

A BRITISH SCHOOL IN MAU MAU LAND

The St. Andrews School in Kenya, where Every Step is Being Taken to Protect Children from Terrorists

A SCHOOL BEHIND BARBED WIRE IN MAU MAU LAND: Children of the St. Andrews School, situated in the highlands of Kenya, are seen playing hockey behind a barbed-wire fence which is part of the inner defences protecting the children from the Mau Mau terrorists. The sports master, on left, carries a heavy revolver.

IN the heart of the Mau Mau country, 8,000 ft. up in the rolling highlands of Kenya, the 170-odd pupils of St. Andrews School, Turi, lead what has become for them a normal life behind a 10-ft. barbed-wire screen. Vigilance never relaxes by day or night. Trusted African sentries, armed to the teeth, prowl through the grounds on the look-out for the smallest sign of danger. Close at hand a platoon of the Devon Regiment stands by. But within the school grounds life—at any rate as far as the children are concerned—goes on almost as usual. Only a few changes have had to be made since the emergency struck Kenya nearly two years ago. Perhaps the most noticeable of these is the entire absence of Kikuyu servants in the school. Before the emergency most of the Africans employed at St. Andrews were Kikuyu, for the school is in a district where they predominate, but, for their own sakes as much as for the peace of mind of anxious parents, all were sent away at the beginning of 1953.

Such is the compelling power of the dreaded and bloodthirsty Mau Mau killing oaths, that many cases have occurred where loyal and faithful Kikuyu have been secretly ordered to kill and mutilate Europeans of whom they were fond, and have committed suicide rather than do so. Only after all Kikuyu had been removed from the school were full details of a plot uncovered which planned the murder of the headmaster and his wife.

But the children of St. Andrews are not worried by the Mau Mau. Most of them are the sons and daughters of farmers, business men or Government officials. Many of them go through worse trials during the holidays than when they are at school. One farmer's daughter whose home is in Kenya, said that throughout her holidays she had to stay indoors from dusk to dawn every night and most of the days as well. "I cannot even play in the garden," she said, "unless Daddy is there to look after me—the forest comes right down to the edge of the lawn."

STUDENT TEACHERS LEARN HOW TO FIRE A DISTRESS ROCKET: Mr. Peter Lavers, the headmaster, instructs four student teachers. Everything is done to ensure the children's safety.

St. Andrews is not a school where intimidation or defeat are recognised. First built in 1931, it started with ten pupils. In 1944 it was destroyed by fire. It was rebuilt by Italian prisoners-of-war, and over the main doorway—now guarded by an armed sentry and reinforced against attack with heavy wooden shutters—there is a "V" stone which was once part of the masonry of the blitzed House of Commons.

The school is co-educational and takes pupils up to the age of twelve. It is the only Froebel training centre in Africa, and it numbers amongst its staff several girls who work and train as student-teachers. To-day, proud of its record and determined to give its pupils a sound and happy start in life, St. Andrews stands firm behind its barbed-wire defences. Fifty of its pupils come from far-off Uganda, and from Uganda also comes a detachment of African police who share with other Africans from as far afield as the Congo and Tanganyika the duties of guarding the young lives entrusted to them. In addition to the "Regular" forces, the school has its own "private army" of watchmen and guards recruited from unaffected Kenya tribes. Here stalwarts of the Maragoli, Bunyore and Jaluo tribes, armed with spears, razor-sharp cutting swords and clubs, form an auxiliary force, whilst the school farm is guarded by a Masai headman, product of one of the most redoubtable fighting tribes in Africa, with his loyal assistants.

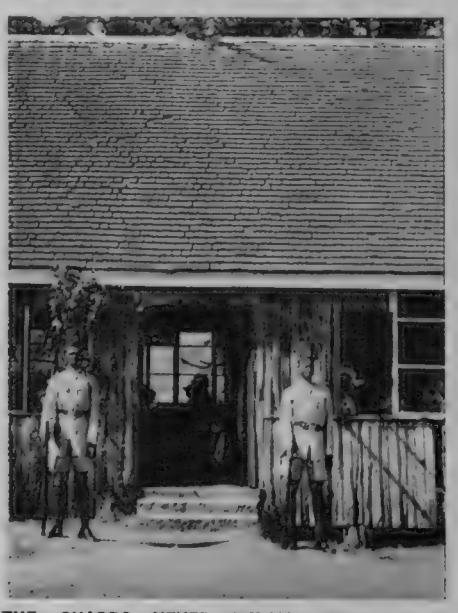
The keynote of life at St. Andrews is happiness and service to others, and no one can visit the school without realising how fully these ideals are being maintained in the face of constant difficulty and danger. Not that anyone—staff or parents—admits that there is any real danger.

Nevertheless, no risks are taken with these precious young lives. Nobody who has seen or read of the horrible savagery and merciless brutality of the terrorist gangs under-estimates the potentialities of the situation. The school is equipped with several devices for summoning immediate aid should an emergency threaten. The staff are all trained in the use of signal rockets which would soar hundreds of feet into the African night and bring immediate reinforcements from the surrounding countryside at the first sign of an impending raid. To warn the children and the staff themselves, hand-operated air-raid sirens are situated at strategic points throughout the grounds and buildings and, since the terrorists usually put telephones out of commission before attacking, other and secret systems are in force whereby constant contact with police and security forces is maintained.

The dangers exist but they have been carefully assessed and are resolutely faced by staff and parents alike. The avowed intention of the Mau Mau secret society has always been to drive the white man out of the country. St. Andrews School at Turi is the white man's answer to the Mau Mau. The "V" stone over the door serves to remind all who see it of the times when their own kith and kin back home faced another and even more desperate danger—and did not yield.

THE HEADMISTRESS TELLS A STORY IN THE OPEN: Mrs. Lavers is seen in what would be, excepting the barbed wire, a typical school scene in summer.

A PEACEFUL SIESTA IN THE CHILDREN'S DECORATIVE REST ROOM: The expanded wire netting over the windows serves as a grim reminder of the ever-present danger of the current Mau Mau threat.



THE GUARDS NEVER RELAX: These two policemen guard the chapel where the children are attending Divine Service.

LEAVING CHAPEL ON A SUNDAY MORNING: The children will walk back to the school through the forest, guarded by armed African policemen.

POLITICAL ACTIVITY in THE FAR EAST

Eight Nations Sign the S.E. Asia Pact in Manila; and the British Labour Delegates Tour Hongkong and Tokio

THE PRINCIPLE OF COLLECTIVE DEFENCE IN SOUTH-EAST ASIA WAS ESTABLISHED IN THE MANILA TREATY BY EIGHT NATIONS: The signatories were the United States, Britain, France, Australia, New Zealand, the Philippines, Pakistan and Siam. For the American and Filipinos the conference also provided an opportunity for bilateral talks regarding the strengthening of the already existing United States—Philippine Mutual Defence Pact. Above, the two delegations are seen in discussion in the State Room before the full conference began its main business. Mr. Foster Dulles, the U.S. Secretary of State, is in the centre of the Americans, who are to the right of the table, facing the camera. The Filipinos are opposite them, on the left of the table. The Pact signed by the eight Powers is to be known by the initials of S.E.A.C.D.T. (South-East Asian Collective Defence Treaty). Its main points are: agreement to co-operate in strengthening defences; the development of economic and social welfare measures; recognition by each signatory that armed attack in the area threatens its own peace and safety. Mr. Casey, the Australian Minister for External Affairs, described the treaty as a "Landmark for the South Pacific Area."

A TOAST TO SUCCESS: Mr. John Foster Dulles, the United States Secretary of State, and President Ramon Magsaysay, of the Philippines, drink to a successful outcome between the sessions of the Manila conference.

LORD READING, THE MINISTER OF STATE, LED THE BRITISH DELEGATION: He is seen here being interviewed on his arrival there.

MR. ANEURIN BEVAN GOES BACK-STAGE IN JAPAN: The British Labour Party Delegation to the Far East emerged from Communist China at Hongkong. From there, with the exception of their leader, Mr. Attlee, they flew to Tokio. Their programme included attendance at a performance of *Kabuki*—the Japanese classical plays. Mr. Bevan is seen here chatting behind scenes at the theatre with the famous Japanese Kabuki actor, Utaemon Nakamura. On the left is Mr. Mosaburo Suzuki, chairman of the Japanese Left-Wing Socialist Party.

MR. ATTLEE IN HONGKONG: He is seen here with the Acting Colonial Secretary, Mr. Claude Burgess, before starting for Australia.

BRITISH AND JAPANESE SOCIALISTS MEET: In Tokio the British Socialist Delegation met members of the Japanese Right- and Left-Wing Socialist Parties. On the far side of the table, from left to right: Mr. Harry Earnshaw, Mr. Sam Watson, Mr. Henry Franklin, Mr. Aneurin Bevan, Mr. Wilfred Burke and Mr. Morgan Phillips.

THREE OF THE UNITED STATES SEVENTH FLEET'S AIRCRAFT-CARRIERS : Left to right—The U.S.S. *Philippine Sea* (27,100 tons), the U.S.S. *Essex* (38,000 tons) and the U.S.S. *Boxer* (27,100 tons) anchored in Manila Harbour, in the Philippines. The U.S. Seventh Fleet in the Western Pacific is committed to defend Formosa, held by Chinese Nationalists, from any attacks by the Chinese Communists. According to Washington statements, this task may be extended to include other Nationalist-held islands in the China Seas.

AMERICAN WARSHIPS OFF FORMOSA

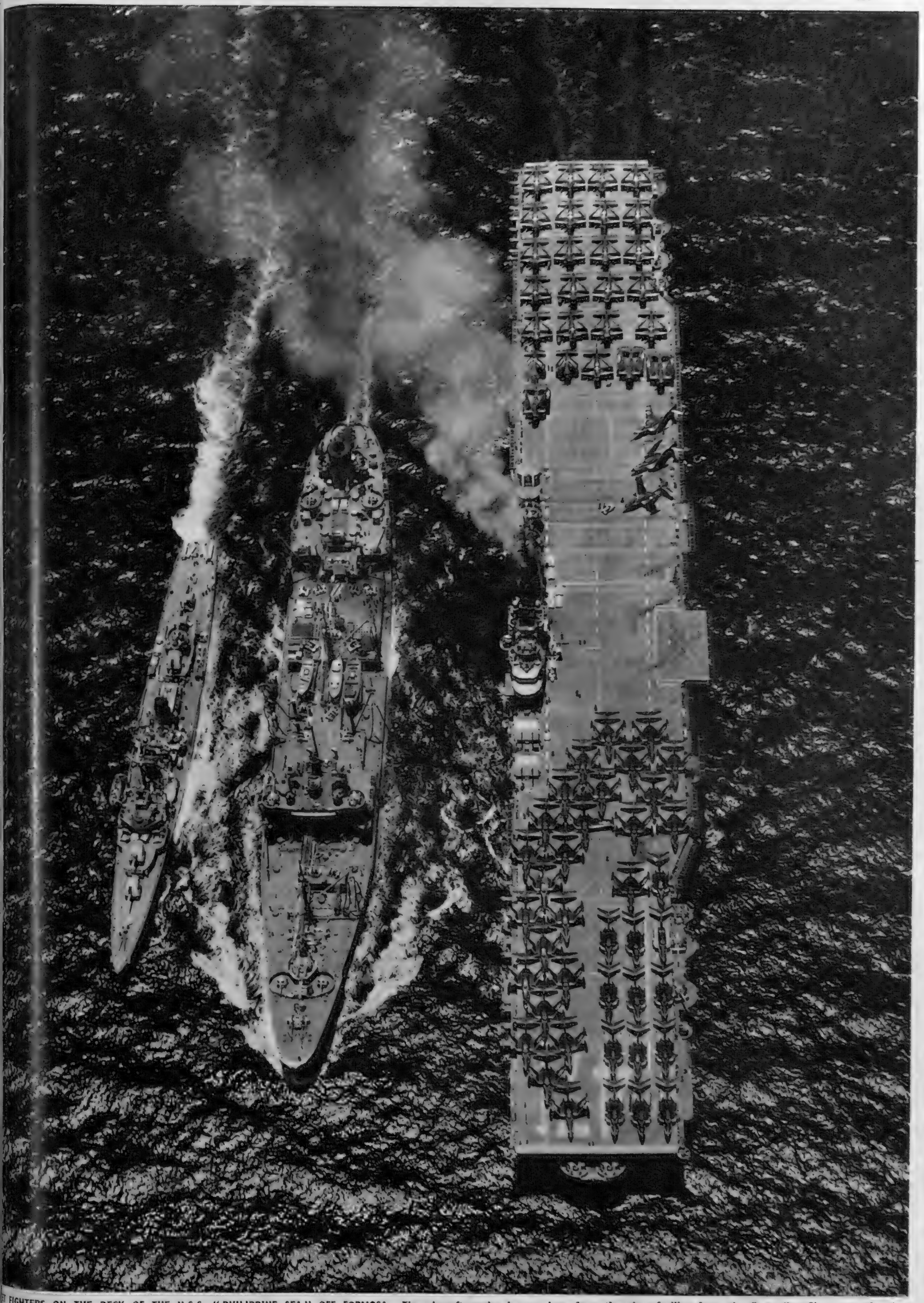
The U.S. Seventh Fleet is Charged with the Task of Keeping the Chinese Communists from the Chinese Nationalist Stronghold

Since the American Government's announcement of its decision to defend the island of Formosa against any attack by the Chinese Communists, the role of the United States Seventh Fleet in the Western Pacific has become increasingly important. Formosa is the stronghold of Chiang Kai-shek's Chinese Nationalists. Recently tension has been increased in this region by the Chinese Communist bombardments of the smaller Nationalist-held islands of Quemoy, nearer the Chinese coast, and by Chiang Kai-shek's counter-bombardments of Amoy, on the Chinese mainland. Four years ago the American Democrat Administration announced the "neutralization" of Formosa, declaring that it would neither support Chinese forces on the island nor permit the Communists to invade it from the mainland. But when the Republicans came to power last year this policy was changed. Support was given to Chiang Kai-shek, and the U.S. Seventh Fleet was instructed to permit the Nationalists to harass the mainland. Last month, Mr. Dulles, the American Secretary of State, told the Press that U.S. forces might be justified in defending other Chinese Nationalist-held islands besides Formosa.

However, there are now reports from Washington that the Eisenhower Administration's Formosa policy may be modified. Observers report that many Americans are doubtful of Chiang Kai-shek's ability to return to the Chinese mainland. Further, it is difficult to believe that the Chinese Communists, whose navy consists of a handful of small and mainly obsolete ships, would attempt to oppose the might of a modern American fleet.

The Western Pacific is the recognised operational area for the American Seventh Fleet. Its precise strength is not known. Like all American fleets, it is frequently varied. It has a number of aircraft-carriers.

REFUELLING IN THE SOUTH CHINA SEAS : The aircraft-carrier *Boxer* and the destroyer *Colahan* replenish supplies from the oiler *Platte*. On the deck of the *Boxer* her aircraft can be seen with folded wings. Recent Communist bombardments of the Nationalist island forts of the islands of Quemoy, off Amoy, and Nationalist counter-attacks on the mainland have increased the importance of the role of the American Seventh Fleet. Quemoy has a Nationalist garrison of about 40,000, including two tank squadrons.



T FIGHTERS ON THE DECK OF THE U.S.S. "PHILIPPINE SEA" OFF FORMOSA: The aircraft-carrier is seen here from the air refuelling from the fleet oiler *Chemung*. On the left is the destroyer *Erben*. Carriers of the *Philippine Sea* class can carry up to 100 aircraft. The American Navy to-day has the most powerful aircraft-carrier force in the world—thirty-six fleet carriers and sixty-six escort carriers. The Soviet Union, which is now building a strong navy in other ships, has no aircraft-carriers.

GENERAL DE CASTRIES IS RELEASED

The Defender of Dien Bien Phu was Freed after Four Months in Captivity. Although Looking Ill, He still kept his Military Bearing

THE HERO OF DIEN BIEN PHU STEPS OUT TO FREEDOM : General Christian de Castries crossed the Red River in a French landing craft, after being released by the Viet-minh at the prisoner-of-war Exchange Point at Vietri. The French Commander, whose heroic defence of his fortress earlier this summer thrilled the world, kept a strict military bearing as he came across the exchange line, marching as if on parade. But once he was among his own people he relaxed. One of his first requests was for a plate of fried potatoes, as a change from the prison camp diet of rice. The General said, " My men fought like lions. The Viet-minh suffered terrible losses, but they were always able to throw fresh troops into the battle." His captors thought for a time that he was " a false de Castries and that the real one had been able to get away." But when they found out they had the right one they kept him in isolation under the close surveillance of four guards. During his captivity he had had a meeting with General Giap, the Viet-minh Commander-in-Chief. The French Commander declared that he believed that Viet-minh was independent of Communist China, apart from supplies of munitions. Later he went from Hanoi to Saigon, where he reported on the battle of Dien Bien Phu to General Ely, the French Commander-in-Chief in Indo-China. Eighty-three other prisoners were released at the same time as General de Castries.

TROOPS PAID FULL HONOURS TO THE GENERAL : Arms were presented and drums rolled. On General de Castries' left, and returning the salute with him, is General Cogny, the French Commander in Northern Indo-China. The defender of Dien Bien Phu was deeply moved by his welcome.

PALE AND WORN BUT STILL KEEPING HIS MILITARY BEARING : After his capture, General de Castries went four days without anything to drink, and throughout his captivity his chief diet was rice. The general effects on his health can be judged from this picture as he stood by General Cogny.

AN EMBRACE AND TEARS : Both General de Castries and General Cogny wept when they embraced at their first meeting after General de Castries' release.

AFTER FOUR MONTHS IN COMMUNIST CAPTIVITY : The General admitted that his imprisonment by the Viet-minh had left him " in not very good condition."

HIS WIFE READS THE GOOD NEWS : Madame de Castries, seen here in Paris with the cable announcing her husband's release, said it was the happiest day of her life.

PILGRIMAGE TO MECCA

This Year, over 500,000 Devout Muslims Made the Arduous Journey to the Home of Their Religion

It is a law of the Muslim religion that every person of the faith, unless he or she is physically incapable, should make, at least once in a lifetime, the arduous pilgrimage to Mecca, and every year, thousands of Muslims make their way there during the month of August. This year over 500,000 went, including Crown Prince Faisal of Saudi Arabia. All wore the prescribed dress of white, unsewn robes and simple, open sandals, and all made the ordained visits to places of religious importance.

By far the most important item on the pilgrims' agenda is the visit to the Ka'aba, the shrine at the Great Mosque. The present building, which was erected in 1626, is a reproduction of the primitive idol temple venerated throughout Arabia in Muhammad's day. The prophet destroyed the idols but declared the temple to be holy. The Black Stone, the most important part of the Ka'aba, is oval in shape and is about 6 or 7 ins. in diameter. It must be kissed by every Muslim making the pilgrimage. After this, the devout visit the other places of religious interest, as shown in the pictures on this page. In fact, the form of the pilgrimage has changed little since the year A.D. 508, the ninth year of the Muslim era. Few Englishmen have ever been to Mecca, as entry to non-Muslims is strictly forbidden.

THE PILGRIMAGE TO MECCA —DEVOUT MUSLIMS SEEN AROUND THE SACRED KA'ABA : The visit to the Ka'aba forms the climax of the annual pilgrimage which must be made at least once in a lifetime by every devout Muslim. Its great sanctity is due to the Black Stone, which is built into one corner, and which, according to the prophet Muhammad, was given to Abraham by the Angel Gabriel.

On right—

THE CROWN PRINCE OF SAUDI ARABIA, WHO MADE THE JOURNEY THIS YEAR : All pilgrims to Mecca, whether of high or low estate, wear the same simple clothes—white, unsewn robes and sandals.

A VISIT TO THE MOUNT OF MERCY : Pilgrims are seen around Mount Arafat, or Jebel-er-Rahm, which lies about 15 miles south-east of the city of Mecca, and which is visited yearly by all who make the pilgrimage. Mount Arafat is a small hill about 200 ft. in height.

THE ANNUAL INFLUX OF PILGRIMS TO MECCA BRINGS CUSTOM TO THE LOCAL TRADERS : Here, a medicine man from Muna, near the city, is displaying his wares, which are much sought after by pilgrims after their long trek.

THE LAST OF THE ACTS OF PILGRIMAGE : Devout Muslims are seen congregated at Muna, where they stone "Satan." "Satan" is a wall, some 6 ft. long and 9 ft. tall. After this ceremony, the pilgrims cut off a piece of their hair and are then free to return to their normal life.

A COUNTRYMAN'S JOURNAL

By VICTOR BONHAM-CARTER

A Northumbrian Survey.—I have been reading with great interest a sixteen-page pamphlet called *The Rural Community*, produced by Northumberland Rural Community Council. Whoever wrote it has the rare gift of making statistics come to life, and of turning a dry report into a human story. The subject is the declining population of the Northumbrian countryside, and it is a tale with a moral for the whole of England. The trouble really began about seventy years ago, when the conditions of Free Trade brought about the long agricultural depression that lasted until 1930.

It was then that the national policy of exporting manufactured goods in exchange for cheap food took effect, and that meant the jettisoning of home farming: an act of folly that wasted millions of acres of good land and made us go hungry in two wars. Unhappily it is a lesson even yet not fully learned, for temporary abundance has again made people forget the past. In the country the slump quickly spread beyond farming—to crafts and industries and society as a whole. It led to the disappearance of the squire and to the migration of great numbers of farmworkers and small tradesmen from the land. It hastened the end of the old country life: the folk songs and dances, ancient customs and celebrations, the skill and art of the village craftsman, and to a large extent native speech as well. Briefly, the vitality and individuality of the countryside declined chiefly because farming didn't pay, and it resulted not only in the flight from the land, but also in the unbalanced development of towns at the expense of country life.

I remember well how, between the wars, people came to regard the country as fit for anything *except* farming—for building, for cemeteries and golf courses and aerodromes, for holidays and week-ends. In other words, it was a place to play in but not work in. In Northumberland, despite the revival of agriculture and the introduction of important State forests, people are still leaving the land. The country has been neglected so long that it is impossible in a short time to make life there comparable with the towns, so far as comfort and amenities are concerned. It is this problem, together with higher town wages, cheap transport and mass entertainment, that has to be faced. I am certain of one thing—that the economics of the business cannot be solved by farming and forestry alone. On average the land cannot find work for more than about one-third of the working population of the countryside. If country people are to stay in the country, there must be other kinds of work in the villages, mostly small industries.

Finding work in the nearest town is not really the right answer, because if a man has to travel more than, say, five miles a day, he will sooner or later tire of the journey and settle in the town itself; and he has my sympathy. But to establish enough small industries (of any type, rural or urban) in villages is a formidable task, and no authority, so far as I know, has yet made a study of the subject as a whole. I except the Rural Industries Bureau, which is concerned with purely *rural* crafts and industries only, and there are nowhere near enough of them "to take up the slack."

Obviously, I cannot pursue this subject further here, except to say this: if enough people earn their livelihood in a place, then they will be able to afford good houses and good living, they will make use of a village hall and a playing field, and they will have enough children to support a school and several teachers, and they in turn will serve the interests of the village in many other ways. One thing attracts another all along the line, but there must be a foundation for it all, and that can only be remunerative work.

The Northumbrian survey does not do more than state the facts, but it states them clearly and cogently and without false sentiment.

Rutland Boughton at Glastonbury.—Many people will recollect the extraordinary success of Rutland Boughton's opera *The Immortal Hour* when Sir Barry Jackson put it on at the Regent Theatre in the early 1920's. It ran 216 nights, a record for serious opera in this country, and it has often been revived since. Only last spring it was given by Sadler's Wells, and amateurs are continually playing it. Rutland Boughton is now living in retirement in a corner of Gloucestershire beyond the Severn, where he and his wife entertained me very hospitably one day this summer. Their house is small and unpretentious, with a quiet charm of its own, set in a close rolling country of orchards and small fields. Boughton himself is an elderly man, small in stature, with a fine head and a rough Midland voice, brimful of vitality and keenly interested in music and world affairs.

I wanted to hear from him the full story of the Glastonbury Festival Movement, perhaps the most important effort ever made to establish a centre of *native* music in the English countryside. The story he told me was this. Fired by Wagner, Boughton had begun to write before the First World War a cycle of music dramas based on the life of Arthur. He and his librettist, Reginald Buckley, wanted to found a Bayreuth in Britain, and so they were advised to go to Glastonbury, the seat of so much mystery and legend, including Arthur. They arrived in 1913 and soon enlisted local support for a School of Music and an annual Festival. Their main prop was the Clark family, of Street, the shoe manufacturers, but leading musicians such as Elgar and Beecham gave them their backing as well, and later, George Bernard Shaw weighed in too.

Unfortunately, the outbreak of war postponed the performance of the first Arthurian piece, and *The Immortal Hour* was put on instead, as it needed fewer resources. It was popular from the start and was performed every year the Festival was held. In spite of the war the Movement went on. The players were almost all local amateurs (leavened with a few professionals for the leading parts), their theatre was a makeshift hall and all the scenery and costumes were home-made. But the repertoire was broad and bold. Before 1916 when Boughton was called up, and after 1919 when the School was reopened, about a dozen new works by Boughton and his contemporaries were put on, quite apart from performances of established pieces. In addition, an appeal was launched for funds to build a theatre, and an option was taken on a site in Glastonbury. However, there was never enough money for this and the idea had to be given up. Boughton did not really mind. He said it was more important "to foster the love of beautiful things and sounds, and to develop the capacities of people who were not primarily artists, than to care very much whether we gave our shows in a barn, with a minimum of dressing-up, or in a theatre with full equipment."

The School survived until 1926. In the later years it played in London and in other towns in the West Country besides Glastonbury. But the Movement had run its course, and Boughton's music was beginning to go out of fashion. It is still out of fashion now, and Boughton feels himself neglected as a composer. That is no new phenomenon, as we know. It has happened to every worthwhile artist at some time or another, and there is much that is worthwhile in Boughton's music outside *The Immortal Hour*: in the five Arthurian dramas, for example, which he completed in 1945. But Rutland Boughton is more than a composer. He inspired a genuine movement for original music among country folk, and Glastonbury very nearly did become a British Bayreuth.

AN ANXIOUS MOMENT IN RURAL ESSEX—THE TAKE-OFF AT THE WATER JUMP: John Keem, on Sally, is watched by spectators during the Handy Hunter Trials, which formed part of the Gosling Inter-Pony Club Competition, at Kelvedon Hall, Kelvedon. On right—The Puckeridge Western "B" team taking part in the team-riding event; Jonathan Sheppard, on Grasshopper; Annette Scorgie, on Chisel; Belinda Garnham, on Rima, and Jennifer Bact, on Jody. Kelvedon village lies between Chelmsford and Colchester.

A Journey to the Potteries.—A recent business trip from Somerset to Staffordshire with my wife, who is a china decorator by profession, was an object lesson for us in topography. The landscape seemed to change radically every ten or twenty miles, and what a wonderful variety there is. After leaving the Brendon Hills we drove straight over the Bridgwater fens to the Mendips. These fens are not attractive at first sight, but they have their fascination, with beds of osiers for the basket-makers, peat stacks, and broad expanses of water-meadow intersected by deep ditches known locally as *rhines*. This is a great dairying district, mainly Friesian and Shorthorn cattle, and it was a strange sight to see a cowman drive up to his herd, take out bucket, churn and stool and start milking in the open field. He didn't even bother to tie the cows up.

From Bristol we crawled northwards behind strings of lorries lumbering along at 20 m.p.h. almost all the rest of the way to Stoke, but the strain of driving and the Diesel fumes never quite extinguished our enjoyment of the scenery. As foothill farmers we were intrigued by the market gardens of Worcestershire, particularly by the women who sat down on hard chairs in between the rows, stripping peas. With their heads bound up in bright kerchiefs, they looked like any scene in Central Europe. But horticulture, we thought, was a specialised, speculative enterprise fit only for men with strong nerves. We still prefer the drawbacks of stock-keeping, seven days a week, fifty-two weeks in a year, but with a regular income.

How ignoble are the outskirts of most of our big towns, in the Midlands especially. Our strength still lies in the individuality and asymmetry of village architecture, whereas in the town this same quality deteriorates into a mean and meaningless jumble. On the other hand, the Five Towns are so ugly as to have a Dickensian splendour. The air is charged with smoke and every other building is a china factory, but there is a vitality in the place, and how lively, intelligent and friendly are the people who work there. We came home by a longer but less busy route, taking the Stroud Road, and so on to Bath over the Cotswold plateau.

At one point I noticed a newly built or rebuilt dry-stone wall: an exception, these days, but the result is efficient and strikingly beautiful. The trend in farm building nowadays is to cheapen and standardise; it just cannot be helped if you are earning your living that way, but it is slowly destroying the heritage of rural beauty which some of us think is the true England.

A TYPICAL VIEW OF THE POTTERIES AT STOKE-ON-TRENT: The air is grey with the smoke from the kilns seen in the centre of the picture. Most of the British pottery industry is concentrated in this area, including those factories whose porcelain and china is now world-famous.

LONDON'S JEWEL TOWER IS BEING RESTORED

Work Goes Ahead on the Little-known Ancient Three-Storeyed Building in the Heart of Westminster

THE JEWEL TOWER (OR HOUSE), SITUATED JUST OFF GREAT COLLEGE STREET, IN THE CITY OF WESTMINSTER, WHERE RESTORATION WORK IS BEING CARRIED OUT BY THE MINISTRY OF WORKS: This view of the tower was taken from the private gardens of the houses in Great College Street; in the background is part of the Houses of Parliament. The tower was probably used in the fifteenth century as a keep for Royal jewels; it is not known for certain whether the Crown Jewels were kept there.

On right—

A CLOSE-UP OF THE TOWER LOOKING SOUTH: It was once said to have been a place of detention for monks at the Abbey; in more recent times it was used as a depository for the standards of weights and measures.

THE THREE-STOREYED BUILDING IS FREED FROM ITS CASING OF SCAFFOLDING: Extensive restoration work was begun on the building early last year; when it is complete, the Tower will be opened to the public.

THE SITE OF THE OLD TOWER, WITH ITS SMALL WINDOWS, HEMMED IN BY THE SURROUNDING BUILDINGS: *Left*—This view of the tower was taken from the roof of a near-by building in Royal College Mews. In the top left-hand corner is part of Westminster Abbey, where extensive repairs are also in hand. *Right*—Part of the thirteenth-century wall which has been unearthed by the side of the tower and which is to be preserved. The tower walls are of considerable thickness.

Tucked away behind several buildings in Westminster, not far from the great Abbey itself, is the Jewel Tower (or House), where extensive restoration work has been in progress since early last year. This ancient building, where the walls are of considerable thickness, is now in the care of the Ministry of Works, who plan to open it to the public as soon as possible after the work is completed.

The Jewel Tower stands on land which was conveyed in 1377 by the Convent of Westminster to Edward III. for the enlargement of the Royal Palace of Westminster. Building was begun on the site almost immediately, but was probably completed during the reign of Richard II. The ground-floor rooms retain the original fourteenth-century vaulting, but the windows have been altered; many alterations were made to the upper floors in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, but the fine medieval staircase still remains.

It is not certain whether the building was originally intended as a "jewel house" or not, for there is a tradition that it was used for other purposes. The Royal Treasury had, from the thirteenth century, been housed in the Abbey of St. Peter, in that part of the eleventh-century undercroft of the monastic dormitory known as the Pyx Chamber, by reason of the chests in which the treasure was stored. By the beginning of the fourteenth century this Treasury had become the Royal Wardrobe. At a later date when the chamber reverted to the Exchequer, as the Treasury of Receipt, and the official "tallies" were stored there, various parts of the regalia were taken there when they were seized by the order of Parliament in 1649. The Jewel Tower may, therefore, have served as a store house for the Crown Jewels during the fifteenth century, although at a later date some, or all of them, were sent back to the monastic building.

The Jewel Tower was next used as the Parliament office for the deposit of Acts of Parliament, until, on the completion of the Victoria Tower, these were transferred to that building in 1864. After another lapse of time it was taken over for use as a depository for the standards of weights and measures—a use which linked it once more with the Abbey in connection with the Trial of the Pyx, for the testing apparatus was lodged in the Pyx Chamber until the close of the nineteenth century.

THE SURREY TEAM SMILE VICTORIOUSLY—THE COUNTY CHAMPIONS OF A WET SEASON: The team are seen at the Oval, Kennington, after they had defeated Worcestershire to win the Championship. From left to right are: Eric Bedser; W. S. Surridge, the captain; P. B. H. May; McIntyre; Laker; Loader; Alec Bedser; Lock; Barrington; Stewart and Constable.

THE TERROR OF TRENT BRIDGE: Dooland, of Nottingham, as well as being handy with a bat, has, with his leg breaks and "googlies," proved the Trent Bridge ground to be no paradise for batsmen.

THE GAME WHICH SECURED THE CHAMPIONSHIP FOR SURREY: The champion team are seen in the field against Worcestershire at the Oval. Outschoorn has just driven a ball from Alec Bedser past Lock and some other fieldsmen. In this game, Surrey showed no mercy, and Worcestershire returned some remarkably low scores.

CRICKET IN 1954

A Damp, but Nevertheless Entertaining Season which Yielded Some Good Averages

By NEVILLE CARDUS

IN spite of a season of moist, unpleasant pitches, six batsmen achieved averages of fifty or thereabouts, each of them with an aggregate of 1,000 runs and more. I seem to remember a wet summer in which the country's batting averages were headed by Brockwell of Surrey, with a figure of forty an innings—and he was an all-round cricketer. Another interesting and unusual fact about first-class performance in 1954 is that, slow wickets despite, we have witnessed a revival in fast bowling, or at any rate in quick stuff, dependent very much on the seam of a new ball. Tyson of Northamptonshire is definitely fast; I am assured by two of our leading batsmen of long experience that he is the fastest English bowler for years. Amongst the first eight names in the bowling averages for the season are five belonging to players who hope to get their wickets mainly by exploitation of speed and the new ball. We can boast of only two really good slow, left-handed spinners. Yet in this same period of persistent rain and cloud and lifeless, sodden earth, two Australians have conquered by faith in the most skilful and fascinating of all kinds of bowling: leg breaks and "googlies": I refer to Dooland and Tribe.

A few years ago, the Trent Bridge turf at Nottingham was reducing cricket to negation; it was said to be a batsman's slothful couch, without a single rough spot accommodating to any sort of bowler. The groundsmen of this noble and ancient cricket field did their best to infuse vitality into the smooth lawns, trodden diurnally in the ghostly past by William Gunn and Arthur Shrewsbury; Trent Bridge has always been a paradise for run-makers, a Lotus-land, for ever afternoon and 350 for 3. But Larwood rosé superior to somnolent pitches by great speed and accuracy. Richmond, another leg-spinner, defeated heavy roller, marl and the resources of batsmen great enough still to be related to the game's golden age. And now, with material odds against him week by week, Dooland, of South Australia, has proved himself the cleverest bowler in the world; and at the moment of writing his harvest—in a year of green-leaf harvests!—is 170 wickets at 15.52. How the odds would lengthen against England's chances in Australia during the approaching rubber if Australia could command the services of Dooland, Tribe and Livingston! Dooland and Tribe are both handy with the bat as well as cunning with the ball. And Livingston is not far from being the best and most dangerous stroke player in county cricket.

In a wet summer it is natural that a slow left-arm bowler, such as Lock of Surrey, should do well; it is natural that on sensitive turf an off-spin bowler, such as McConnon or Laker, should do well. It is remarkable, in the same circumstances, handicapped most days by sodden earth and a wet ball, that Dooland should have consistently asserted his talent. I think we should call him "the bowler of the year."

My way of measuring or estimating cricket and cricketers is perhaps old-fashioned, because I insist on style and skill that are not a slave to material conditions. To be more explicit, I expect a batsman to play strokes, whatever the state of the game or the pitch; and I expect a bowler to get wickets by a technique which is not largely dependent on a tool or implement—in other words, on a new ball. I have little patience with the policy of the average bowler, which is to direct the ball on the leg stump to a "close" leg-side field, at the beginning or in the middle of a match, not so much with intent to take a great batsman's wicket as to render him unable to attempt his best strokes.

Not long ago I wrote a critical report of one of our leading batsmen, chastising him for a long and generally strokeless innings. His reply made me seem rather foolish. "As soon as I went in," he said, "I drove a four through the covers. But I didn't get another ball for hours outside the off-stump." The bowlers were afraid to face the challenge of his most brilliant strokes, so they resorted to "safe" tactics. "I wasn't prepared to make an ass of myself. Leg-theory on a good wicket is not dangerous after the 'shine' has worn off; you can leave it alone or smother it, but of course you can't make easy shots." The "off-theory" of the Golden Age, when masters of length tried to keep MacLaren, Hutchings, "Ranji" and Johnny Tyldesley "quiet" by pitching the ball widish to the off, supported by a packed off-side field, may have reduced the labours of the scorers, but it did not prohibit or make impossible of execution beautiful and rhythmical strokes—to the fieldsmen. In fact it encouraged swift and beautiful fielding; and no game of cricket is dull if the fieldsmen are kept alive, over a large area, picking up and throwing-in, like Jessop, Spooner, Hobbs and Hirst, from cover to extra mid-off. But the modern "leg-trap" is usually as ugly to see as it is often wasteful of time and energy.

I should also like to say that the old-time bowlers only exploited "off-theory" on a good wicket, after the batsmen had frustrated a direct attack. If a match has to be saved and the batting side are nearing victory on a fine dry day, then it is good cricket and commonsense if the fielding captain concentrates first of all on a defensive field, and bowling which mainly seeks to check, chain and fetter stroke-play. This is a "last-resort" method of a losing team; no cricketer worth his flannels should practise or tolerate it in the early or middle stages of a match. The season just finished witnessed a welcome decline in this hateful, unchivalrous form of bowling and field-setting. There are, nonetheless, many players who are reluctant to give it up—may be they dare not, and are not good enough.

The Surrey captain and his team won the county championship by putting into positive match-winning force a style of attack, which excepting that of Lock, could easily have been unimaginatively applied. Bedser, Loader and Laker all like to use a "leg-trap"; but Stuart Surridge seldom, if ever, placed it negatively, or allowed his bowlers to connive merely at strokelessness. Also by his own rapid and swooping fielding, he demonstrated that even in a leg-trap a ball can be stopped, picked up, or caught with all the grace, vehement appetite and flourish of a cover-point or first-slip. Surrey were lucky with the weather towards the season's end; but luck waits for long only on quick opportunism. No county cricket captain to-day is more alive than Surridge to a promising situation, none so swift as he to smell the moment to strike home. A. C. MacLaren used to say that in every match comes a time when the tide turns, when victory is waiting invisibly to be wooed and won. The great captain is he who doesn't drift but is constantly sniffing the way of the wind. In early July, Surrey suffered a crushing defeat at Kennington

THE BOWLING STRENGTH OF THE SURREY TEAM—LOADER, LAKER AND ALEC BEDSER: Of these three bowlers, both Loader (*left*) and Bedser (*right*) are among the seventeen players chosen to represent the M.C.C. against Australia this winter. The famous "leg trap" used by these three bowlers, combined with the leadership of Surridge in the field, played a great part in winning the championship for the county. The team's tactics were to get wickets and they did not aim merely at keeping the runs down.

A VERY FAST BOWLER FROM NORTHANTS: Tyson, whose selection for the coming Tour caused mild surprise, has already been called the fastest bowler in England.

A PROMISING ADDITION TO THE SURREY TEAM: Barrington, seen here batting against Pakistan at the Oval, was promoted from the second to the first team this season.

ANOTHER NEW NAME ON THE SURREY PROGRAMME: Stewart in play against Gloucestershire, his first match for his county's first team. This infusion of new blood enhances Surrey's chances in future championships.

...val by Glamorganshire. "There goes the champion-...p from us for sure!" said one of the Oval's oldest ...ubstants, who sits every summer morning in the ...ding-room and watches the play through the glass ...ndows. Surrey had then fallen far behind in the race, ...th Yorkshire and Derbyshire making the pace and the ...ning. Surrey's revival and her challenge in the last ... coincided with the entrance into the XI of two ...ng players of unusual gifts with the bat—Stewart ...d Barrington. In other years Surrey has seemed to ...ceed and prosper by living on capital, by reliance ...old hands. The future at the Oval is now more ...ure because of this infusion of good, young blood.

First-class cricket is not, of course, all a matter of ...t matches and county championships. It is always ...th a journey to any ground where Gloucestershire ...ppen to be playing, because you might be fortunate ...ough to see George Emmett on one of his intermittent ...od days; and in form he is amongst the few really ...ntic stroke-players of contemporary English cricket. ...is amongst the few players of whom we can say that ...e manages to stay at the wicket an hour he will, ...that time, most certainly show us at least half-a-dozen ...ect and personal strokes. Denis Compton is another ...o in a given and not boring time, will—and cannot ...lp but—delight us with strokes of relish and personality. Alas, there are few batsmen now day-by-day engaged ... county cricket who, no matter how gifted and ...erprising in a game yesterday, are not capable—for ...apparent reason—of boring us to death next day by ...eightly, unproductive pushes and prods, the right ...t rooted behind the crease. An individual score of ...ty or seventy in three hours is a common experience; ...d the sterility of it all is not every time to be accounted ...r by reference to defensive bowling and a "leg trap." ...familiar sight nowadays is a slow, off-break bowler, ...tching the ball up on a good wicket to a field which ...ntains no deep long-on: yet seldom is he driven, ...with the tide," in that direction. Hardly a batsman ...own to me cuts a fast bowler square or hooks a fast ...mper" with the certainty of touch and gusto of ...Patsy" Hendren. The general level of efficiency in ...glish first-class cricket is, at the present time, perhaps ...ttle higher than it has been since the war. But I see no essential improvement in what I call *creative* cricket, batting and bowling of individual distinction, such as that of Woolley, Hobbs, Hammond, Douglas Wright (in his best years), George Gunn, P. G. H. Fender, Walter Robins—not to breathe the names of Trumper, "Ranji," Tyldesley, C. B. Fry, F. S. Jackson and Jessop. No; this is *not* another instance of praise of the past at the expense of the present. When people ask me if cricket is "as good as it used to be" I reply that the question is not scientific.

It is a different game in different periods; and in each period it responds to the atmosphere or environment of the given period. In an epoch of spacious living, cricket produced "lords of creation," such as MacLaren, F. S. Jackson, P. F. Warner, R. E. Foster, who played for pleasure. Other times, other manners, and other heroes. In a wet season, as we have seen, six batsmen have averaged fifty, or thereabouts, each scoring 1,000 runs, or more. D. J. Insole of Essex has amassed 1,709 runs in thirty-nine completed innings, average 43.82. Wolton of Warwickshire can proudly point to the figures of 1,644 runs, average 40.09. Now Insole and Wolton are excellent cricketers undoubtedly; but how many times in his career did A. C. MacLaren or J. T. Tyldesley maintain an average of forty and over?

A wet summer has certainly not provided the best conceivable way of preparing for a tour of an England team to Australia, especially as the wickets there in the coming rubber will be covered. Form in batting or bowling is one thing on a slow, green pitch, and another thing altogether on a firm wicket in Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide and Melbourne. It is likely, too, that the Australian groundsmen will get to work with lawful and quite sensible intent to checkmate in advance England's pace-bowling gambit. I am sorry that Lock of Surrey won't be at Hutton's command; he is a left-hand spinner whose low flight is not easy to reach or drive forward. And also he is a magnificent match-winning fieldsman. On the whole, though, the Selection Committee of the M.C.C. have chosen players who, in the aggregate, may be said to represent or embody the quality and limitations of our first-class cricket at large. It is not the Selection Committee's fault that English all-rounders are not as plentiful as in other years.

A FAVOURITE BATSMAN IN THE GLOUCESTER TEAM: George Emmett, an accomplished stroke-player, can usually be relied on to provide a varied series of well-executed strokes to the edification of onlookers.

ANTIQUITY in TOWN and COUNTRY

A London Inn to go; an Essex Church Celebration; an Ecclesiastical Connection in Kent; and Two Other Old Inns of Note

On right—

JACK STRAW'S CASTLE AT HAMPSTEAD HEATH, NORTH LONDON, IS TO BE DEMOLISHED: The site will be used as a car-park for residents of a new hotel to be built alongside the present inn once frequented by Charles Dickens and his friends. The inn, standing on the site of a much older tavern, is a Georgian building. It was badly damaged by a landmine during the war, and was later repaired. Jack Straw's Castle takes its name from the confederate of Wat Tyler, who was cut down by Sir William Walworth at Smithfield. There is no evidence, however, that he ever visited the inn; but it has other associations. The annual meeting of the Court Leet of the Manor of Hampstead still takes place there.

AN ESSEX CHURCH CELEBRATES THE 800TH ANNIVERSARY OF ITS DEDICATION: The church at Lindsell, near Dunmow, where special anniversary services were arranged for last Sunday. It is a small church of an unusual plan, standing close to farm buildings, and almost hidden from view by a number of trees; it consists of chancel (with Norman arch), and nave with a south aisle of two bays. At the west end of the south aisle is a Tudor tower. Other prominent features of the church, where the architecture is of so many different periods, include the fourteenth-century font and the thirteenth-century south door. Some of the stained glass of the east window also dates back to the thirteenth century. It was re-used when the church was repaired in the eighteenth century.

A KENTISH "VILLAGE WITHIN A VILLAGE" IS TO BE MODERNISED: Plans are in hand to recondition some of the ancient buildings in the village of Cobham. They comprise Cobham College where, since the reign of the first Elizabeth, old people from North Kent parishes have lived in retirement. The little community live in nineteen cottages (some of which are seen in this picture) forming a quadrangle, built in 1597, close to the church of St. Mary Magdalene. It is a completely self-contained area. Cobham College was founded by John de Cobham in 1362, and although it was not dissolved, was surrendered to George Brooke, Lord Cobham; the site was later bequeathed to the poor for the erection of the almshouses.

AN OLD INN IS REFURNISHED IN KEEPING WITH ITS AGE: The Black Lion Inn at Southfleet, Kent, where the licensee, Mrs. Blanche C. Peacock, is gradually refurnishing the house with old-style pieces. This is more in keeping with the old inn, whose history dates back 500 years. Originally a tithe barn, then part of a row of cottages, and later still a coaching inn, the Black Lion has one door of the Elizabethan period. Since Mrs. Peacock began her alterations she has found pewter tankards in the inn's cupboards; these are now displayed in the dining-room. The thatched roof is surmounted by one of the most prominent symbols of the modern age—a television aerial.

A DORSET INN SITUATED ON THE BOUNDARIES OF THREE RURAL DISTRICTS: The World's Inn, in Dorset, which is situated on the Bere Regis and Wimborne Road, receives its licence from Wimborne, its post from Blandford and its electricity from Wareham. Thousands of autographs, many of them left by wartime servicemen, adorn the walls and ceilings, and the landlord is now having them preserved as a permanent decoration. The building became an inn in 1589, and it holds the first beer licence issued in Dorset; it later became a coaching house on the London-Exeter run. Its thatched roof is reputed to be the longest stretch in Dorset—if not in England. There is no counter; all beer is served from a barrel in the kitchen. But the inn is also a farm, for the landlord must be willing to do two jobs! Mr. G. H. Barrett is the landlord-cum-farmer, and he has 35 acres of half-arable and half-pasture to look after.

RAIN DID NOT DAMP BRAEMAR'S ENTHUSIASM: Many overseas visitors were among the 20,000 spectators at this year's Highland Gathering who endured lashing storms to welcome the Queen. With Her Majesty were the Duke of Edinburgh, Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, and a large party of other members of the Royal Family. For a brief while when they arrived, the weather brightened and even the sun shone as ten bands, the cream of Scotland's pipers, skirled the traditional welcome of "The Braemar Gathering." The Queen was in a happy mood, often smiling and laughing and being especially amused by the efforts of the competitors to toss the famous Braemar "outsize caber," which weighs 120 lb. and is 19 ft. 3 ins. long. One entrant, Henry Gray, a twenty-five-year-old farmer's son from Alford, succeeded, and won the £10 prize. It is only the second time in the history of the Gathering this feat has been accomplished. Gray also set up a record by throwing the 22-lb. hammer a distance of 98 ft. ½ in. An innovation this year was an inter-regimental tug-of-war. It was won by the 4/7th Territorial Army Battalion of the Gordon Highlanders, of whom the Queen Mother is an Honorary Colonel.

A RAIN-SOAKED ROYAL BRAEMAR

But the Queen and Many Members of the Royal Family Joined 20,000 in Enjoying the Spectacle of the Famous Gathering

THE ROYAL FAMILY IN THE HEATHER-DECORATED ROYAL PAVILION: The Queen was welcomed by Lord Aberdeen, the Lord-Lieutenant of Aberdeenshire. On the extreme left behind Princess Margaret is the Duchess of Gloucester. On the extreme right is Lord Carnegie.

THE MASSED PIPE BANDS GREET THE QUEEN: Their march past the Royal Pavilion was led by Drum-Major J. Johnston, of the Aberdeen Police Band. The Royal Highland Society Championship Shield was won by the Glasgow Police under their Pipe-Major, J. Macdonald.

UMBRELLAS AND WATERPROOFS WERE THE ORDER OF THE DAY: But the gathering triumphed over the worst weather for many years. The spectators came by car, bus, bicycle and on foot, one party travelling through the night from the north of England. Their endurance was rewarded by seeing one of the most informal of British Royal occasions.

THE HOME NEWS IN PICTURES

A PICTORIAL SURVEY OF RECENT EVENTS IN ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND

The Trades Union Congress at Brighton this year was the last to be attended by the present President, Mr. Jack Tanner, in an official capacity. His Presidential address was strangely quiet when compared with speeches he made early in his career. He spoke mainly on the need for higher productivity and urged that more money should be spent on industrial research. His speech seemed to set the tone for the rest of the meeting, for the first day of the Congress passed very peaceably. But this was the quiet before the storm.

The storm came in the debate on the policy of supporting German rearmament, and many strong feelings were vented in the Dome. The result was in favour of the official policy, but by a much smaller margin than was expected in many quarters.

After this excursion into international politics, the Congress settled down to home affairs, and among other business done was the passing of a motion criticizing the Government's economic policy and the low level of industrial investment. A motion passed which closely affected the lives of working people was a resolution calling for much higher social benefits to meet the higher cost of living. The need for increased old-age pensions was particularly stressed.

THE TRADES UNION CONGRESS AT BRIGHTON : A general view of the Congress in session at the Dome in Brighton. *On left*—Mr. Jack Tanner making his Presidential address at the opening session of the Congress. He described this address as his swan song, for he has already retired from the Presidency of the Amalgamated Engineering Union. There was much speculation among delegates on Mr. Tanner's successor as President of the Council. The most important item discussed during the Conference was the question of German rearmament.

On right—

MEMBERS OF THE COUNCIL ON THEIR WAY TO THE DOME AT BRIGHTON : From left to right are : R. Willis, J. A. Birch, A. Roberts, Tom O'Brien, W. B. Beard, A. Deakin, R. Openshaw, C. Bartlett, G. H. Lowthian and H. Hewitt.

A HANDSHAKE AT CHARTWELL : Senator Wiley, the Chairman of the United States Senate Foreign Relations Committee, is seen taking leave of the Prime Minister at Chartwell. The Senator, who was visiting Britain at the conclusion of his tour of European capitals, was entertained to lunch by Sir Winston. On the following day, Mr. Eden, the Foreign Minister, gave a luncheon in Senator Wiley's honour, in London. During his visit the Senator voiced the opinion that the E.D.C. was "not dead."

A NEW LIFEBOAT IS LAUNCHED AT EXMOUTH : A general view of the naming ceremony, which was performed by Air Vice-Marshal H. V. Satterly, a native of Exmouth. The new lifeboat, named *Maria Noble*, is of the Liverpool type, and is powered by two 20-h.p. Diesel engines, each driving a screw. With all crew and gear on board, the *Maria Noble* weighs 8¾ tons before launching, but, in order to give better stability when in the water, she has a special tank which fills with water when she is afloat. She has a crew of seven, a top speed of 7½ knots and can take thirty people on board in rough weather.

SIR GORDON RICHARDS MAKES HIS FIRST PUBLIC APPEARANCE AS A TRAINER : The former champion jockey, who announced his retirement earlier this summer, was at Doncaster Yearling Sales in his new capacity as a trainer. He is seen here examining one of the colts. On the second day he made his first considerable purchase for the stable he is forming at Beckhampton. This was a bay colt by Alycidon out of Eastern Empress, for which Sir Gordon paid £9,030. It was the top price of the day. Sir Gordon was buying on behalf of the Greek-born shipping millionaire, Mr. Basil Mavroleon. The annual Yearling Sales at Doncaster are a traditional prelude to the St. Leger.

THE SHOW-RING ATTRACTED THE USUAL CROWDS : A possible winner of to-morrow is led round before critical eyes at Doncaster. Besides Sir Gordon Richards' purchase, high prices were paid for other colts and fillies. Some of the lots were sold to American owners.

CHELTENHAM RELIEVES ITS TRAFFIC CONGESTION : Georgian-style shops and houses are being demolished in Pittville Street, Cheltenham, to allow for the widening of this narrow street, which is one of the main roads out of the town to Birmingham. As can be seen from the volume of traffic, it is at present a bottleneck for vehicles. The new buildings to be erected along the widened street will be in a contemporary style which is described as "New Elizabethan."

On right—
THE COLONIAL DEVELOPMENT CORPORATION LENDS MONEY TO CENTRAL AFRICAN AIRWAYS : Seated at the table, from left to right, are Sir Ellis Robins, Chairman of C.A.A.; Mr. D. B. Ross, Deputy High Commissioner for Rhodesia and Nyasaland; and Mr. Granville Tyser, a member of the Board of the Colonial Development Corporation. They are seen signing documents at Rhodesia House in London, which will make available £1,750,000 to Central African Airways. The money will be used to purchase five Vickers Viscount airliners.

A DRUID CEREMONY ON THE ISLE OF MULL, IN SCOTLAND : The Lady of Mull (Mrs. J. Ritchie) is seen presenting the Horn of Wine to the Chief Druid of the Mother Lodge (Mr. Leigh Henry), in the centre of the Druid Stone Circle. This was the first Scottish gathering of Druids to be held for many years, and was attended by delegates from Wales, Ireland, Cornwall and Brittany. The ceremonies were led by Dr. McGregor Reid, the Chief Druid of the Order.

A DERAILMENT ON THE KING'S CROSS TO EDINBURGH MAIN LINE : This was the scene as breakdown men hurried to clear the wreckage of the goods train which ran off the rails at Warkworth, Northumberland. Altogether 35 of the 41 wagons of the train were derailed and the wreckage and freight which was scattered along the tracks made them impassable to all other traffic. It took the breakdown men twenty-four hours to clear the line. The only casualty was the guard, who suffered from cuts and shock.

THE START OF THE ROYAL LONDON YACHT CLUB'S RACE TO CHERBOURG: *Lothian* (Sail No. 812) is seen making a good start, with *Lumberjack* (with the dark sail) close astern. *Skirl* (882) is also in a good position. *Marabu* (on the extreme left) and *Sea Wraith* (nearest the camera on the right) were too eager in crossing the line and had to return. The race was won by Franklin Woodroffe in *Lothian*.

All pictures by Beken of Cowes

THE CROSS-CHANNEL RACES

And the Last of this Year's Solent Regattas

By UFFA FOX

FOR a great many years the Société Des Régates De Caen, of Ouistreham, and the Island Sailing Club of Cowes have combined for a race from Cowes across Channel to Ouistreham, towards the end of August. Ouistreham lies in the bight of a bay, between Cherbourg Peninsula and Havre, near the spot where the Normandy landings, which were the beginning of the end of the 1939 to 1945 War, took place.

We, who have sailed in this race for the past twenty years, realised the wisdom of this spot being selected for the Normandy bridgehead, for the prevailing winds through the summer months are south-west and once you are half-way across Channel with the wind in this direction the Cherbourg Peninsula breaks up the send of the sea and the waves become smaller, with less destructive power, as you approach the French coast.

The only snag with Ouistreham is that it is tidal and you can only enter and leave three hours either side of high water—we have spent many hours rolling, while waiting for enough water to enter.

This race has become a hardy annual, and there were twelve starters this year. Soon after the start, at the forts between the island shore and Portsmouth, they ran into thick fog, with visibility down to 50 yards. After clearing the land, however, the fog lifted and all across Channel the racers carried a fair wind and were able to see five miles.

This downhill race was won by Franklin Woodroffe in *Lothian*, with the Commodore, T. C. Ratsey, in his cutter *Evenlode*, second, and the Hon. Mrs. P. H. Rivers, third, in *Foxhound*. So once again it seems that the smaller a vessel is, the greater its chance of winning: the first three crossing the line in reverse order to their size, for *Lothian* is a 12-tonner, *Evenlode* a 20-tonner, and *Foxhound* a 33-tonner.

The Cowes to Cherbourg Race, on Friday, September 3, was a new race this year, invented by the Commodore of the Royal London Yacht Club—the Hon. Max Aitken, D.S.O., D.F.C., to close the cross-Channel season.

Many vessels race through Cowes Week and then go cruising on the Normandy and Brittany coasts until the end of August, when they return to home waters. So this race was made to be the last gathering on French soil of the Solent yachtsmen. In early September the nights are getting long, and it was thought that this was the latest time that small boats should be sent across Channel—for holding the race at a later date meant more hours of darkness.

The start was in a smart breeze from the west-south-west, and on the beat down through the Needles, *Marabu*, the scratch boat of H.M.S. *Hornet*, led the fleet, with *Lumberjack*, owned by the Commodore, second, and *Lothian*, owner Franklin Woodroffe, third, with the rest of the fleet all close astern.

After passing the Needles the boats were all just able to lay Cherbourg close hauled on the starboard tack and these conditions obtained for several hours. Then the wind started swinging and the rain came down—this killed the wind off to a very light breeze, after which it came from astern, which brought up the boats from behind and made a fair wind of it to Cherbourg.

Under these conditions, *Lothian* quietly slid through the fleet and was the first to finish, and so won the race without calling on any of her handicap of 3¼ hours from the scratch boat *Marabu*. *Skirl*, owned by Alan J. M. Miller, was second, with *Joanne*, owner H. F. Gillham, coming third, once more three small vessels winning.

That night all hands met for a joyful dinner ashore in Cherbourg, some sailing back for England at midnight immediately after, and others returning the following morning.

In such races as these, the competitors all time themselves—for, compared to other sports, sailing is in a unique position, there is no referee or umpire on the course, and every yacht is its own judge. Differences of opinion are settled by the Sailing Committee, which gives a verdict on any dispute (and these are quite rare). The fact that competitors continue to time themselves in shows that no-one has ever cheated.

In addition to the natural elements, in races across the English Channel there are a great many large ships to be avoided, and small yachts with their small lights are difficult for these great ships to pick out.

Very little shipping uses the Needles Channel and so it is not until some ten miles south of the Needles that the racers have to cross the Channel lane of shipping, and in the centre there is another lane to cross, and a third lane using the French lights.

The eastern end of the Wight is far more difficult for shipping, as this is the gateway to Southampton and Portsmouth most used by the large vessels, and once in this narrow and confined channel they cannot give way to sailing yachts.

In the Island Sailing Club's Ouistreham race, *Evenlode*, owned and sailed by their Commodore, T. C. Ratsey, was almost run down in thick fog by a large tanker, and so each and everyone taking part in such races has to have a great deal of courage and fortitude to endure and enjoy all this, and such people have minds that would not stoop to cheating the comrades they are racing against, and so sailing will continue to be a sport where each man is his own judge and umpire.

Meanwhile during the week-end at Cowes, there was the Folly Regatta, descended from the old-time regattas with a fair, coconut-shies, shore sports, tug-o'-war and comic events, as well as the sailing and rowing races, some two miles up the river. While in the mouth of the river, the Island Sailing Club held its last regatta for the International and the Solent classes, followed on the Sunday by the final regatta of the year, under the Burgee of the R.L.Y.C.

The Royal Southern Yacht Club's Race to Yarmouth and back has proved a most popular event, as at the end of a long, hard racing season, people wish to relax and enjoy the pleasant rather than the serious side of racing, and this race is a jolly event, combining the fun of sailing with the joy of picnics, a dinner, a merry evening and a dance, with a sail back to the Hamble on the following day. The number of starters is generally in the order of forty, ranging from yachts of 80 tons down to tiny little vessels like the Duke of Edinburgh's Flying Fifteen *Coweslip*, this year steered by his secretary, Commander Michael Parker, R.N. The distance to Yarmouth is 17½ miles, and from Yarmouth back to Hamble, 15½ miles, making a total of 33 miles.

The weather reduced the starters by half, and every vessel came to the line reefed. The 25-ton cutter *Tigris* made the best start, closely followed by *Coweslip*, and these two pulled away from the rest of the fleet on the close reach to the first mark, but towards the end the great cutter *Thanet* pulled up and overtook *Coweslip*, which was third round the first mark. From here it was a hard drive to windward in steep, breaking seas, and this year a hard test for all the vessels on the long drive to windward to Yarmouth; and size, as it always does, told its tale, for the larger vessels could shoulder their way through these heavy seas without stopping, whereas they stopped the smaller craft. Commander Michael Parker, steering the smallest of all, *Coweslip*, wisely decided not to use the greatest strength of the tide, and worked the island shore, where he, and not the seas, had command of the vessel. He tacked out into the tide until the sea started getting steep and heavy, and then stood back into the shore where there was smoother water due to the fact that the tide was not running against the wind so much and *Coweslip* did well to battle her way down to Yarmouth in these heavy weather conditions, for several of the larger vessels gave up, some because of the discomfort of the passage and *Thanet* because she carried away her main boom.

Sunday came in with sunshine, and the wind although less, was still fresh, so that everyone looked forward to a good run up the Solent, even though the race was set with a run over a foul tide. The start was across the Royal Solent's line at Yarmouth at 2 p.m. At the start the sunshine was beginning to be blotted out with great menacing clouds full of shifting wind and rain marching in from the south-west. Immediately after the start the entire fleet was struck by a heavy squall which twisted and shifted continuously, far too quickly for the larger vessels, and soon most of them were in difficulties with their spinnakers. The 50-ton cruiser *Lumberjack* was fortunate in that all her great spinnaker was set in stops and had not been broken out. It was taken in and later her small one set from the foremast.

Under these conditions "Mike" Parker was able to steer the smaller *Coweslip* quickly from one course to another, and take full advantage of this terrific squall, pulling out to a long lead over all the vessels in the race, and this lead was maintained until the end. The final order in the large class was *Marquesa*, *Swanhilda*, *Tigris*, and the smaller class *Favona*, *Princessa* and *Morning Flight*; *Coweslip* winning a special prize for her outstanding performance in beating to windward in heavy wind and sea the whole way to Yarmouth and for leading the entire fleet home on the return half the following day.

The Solent season ends with the Island Sailing Club's 32-mile race round the Nab Tower and back to Cowes. Although late in the season, this race attracts a fine fleet, for by now all the ocean-racing events are over and many still wish to sail and solve the problems set for them by a Sailing Committee.

This year there is a fleet of thirty entries and many notable vessels in it, vessels that have battled with each other throughout this and previous seasons in light and heavy winds, in smooth and rough water, on grey days and in sunshine. This, their last contest for the season, brings many problems, for sheets and halyards have been wearing all summer, and few will want to renew them at the very end of the season. As well as wondering if the tack they are on is the best one, owners and crews are also wondering if their jib sheets are going to hold until the end of the race, and if they part on a course like this, there is little danger. But there is the delay in reeving off another and settling down on the course again. So the Solent season ends with a good race, filled with interest.

"COWESLIP" SPEEDING ALONG DURING THE HAMBLE-TO-YARMOUTH RACE: Her crew is Commander M. Parker, at the helm, Uffa Fox in the centre, and Squadron Leader P. Horsley on the jib sheet. *Coweslip* was awarded a special prize for her outstanding performance during this race and because she led on the way back to Hamble.

Above on right—

THE WINNER OF THE COWES-OUISTREHAM AND THE COWES-CHERBOURG RACES: *Lothian* is seen with her lower spinnaker set. In light winds she uses a mast-head rig and spinnaker, and so is driven to her limit in all weathers. She won the Cherbourg race without calling on her handicap.

On right—

THE LAST RACE OF THE YACHTING YEAR: *Brandysnap*, owned by Rear-Commodore Richard Preston (nearest the camera), won the Dragon class race in the last of the Solent regattas. *Rin-Jin* was second in this race and *Sable*, owned by Mr. H. R. Freemantle, came in third.

A FAMOUS AND WELL-LOVED CUTTER AT COWES: This is the *Daedalus*, steered by Mr. Stephen Ratsey and manned by a crew of youngsters. Many famous yachtsmen, including Uffa Fox and Franklin Woodroffe, learnt much of their art on board the *Daedalus* when they were young.

ONE OF THE SMALLEST YACHTS BEATING TO WINDWARD DURING THE CROSS-CHANNEL RACE: *Aweigh*, of 6 tons, steered by her owner, Dr. Rex Binning, has often sailed into the prize list during the many regattas held this year. She is hard-chined and in this picture she has lifted her weather chine out.

The Sphere of Travel

A LITTLE TOUR OF MOROCCO

An Account of a Recent Journey to Desert Fastnesses and Snow-capped Mountains; to Fortified Coastal Ports and to Medieval Cities

By GORDON COOPER

TO wander through the Land of Barbary is surely as romantic and fascinating a quest as the most ardent traveller could desire; and my own recent odyssey to this most westerly province of the former Muslim African Empire, covering some 3,000 miles, took me to the Spanish and French Protectorates in Morocco and to Tangier. Throughout this journey I met with no untoward event, apart from being snowed-up for three whole days in a village inn, high up in the Atlas Mountains. This was, I might add, a somewhat monotonous adventure.

I know that recent newspaper reports concerning political unrest in French Morocco may possibly have a deterring influence on some potential tourists, but I am convinced that anyone with a modicum of common sense has no need to be alarmed—provided, of course, that conditions there do not deteriorate. And, I might add, the situation in Spanish Morocco and Tangier is perfectly normal.

From London I flew out to Tetuàn by Iberia Spanish Airlines, with an agreeable overnight break of journey in Madrid. The capital of the Spanish Zone is a pleasant town, its native shopping quarter (the *souks*) being especially interesting and colourful, and offering goods for sale at much lower prices than in French Morocco. I liked also the local Archæological Museum and an exceptionally attractive School of Indigenous Arts. I did not like, however, the thousands of red advertising signs of a popular American beverage which disfigure almost every wall. The most acceptable hotel is the Nacional (good cuisine), although it hardly measures up to the four stars awarded it in Nagel's *Morocco* travel guide.

The only hotel, in fact, in the country which I could confidently recommend for a holiday stay would be the pleasant Parador, in Xauen (forty miles from Tetuàn), which has a lovely view, comfortable bedrooms, excellent meals and moderate prices; and I found it intriguing to be awakened each morning by the call of the Faithful to prayer—an invocation repeated from the minarets of the little town's dozen mosques.

Xauen itself is a fascinating place and has a strong Moorish character. Indeed, before 1920, very few Europeans had penetrated this stronghold, originally founded by refugees coming from Spain, at the time of the fall of Moorish domination.

Seventy miles beyond Xauen, on the main road between Tetuàn and Melilla, is Ketama, a picturesque little village resort lying amidst lovely mountains.

THE TOWER OF THE KOUTOUBIA MOSQUE AT MARRAKECH: This picture shows what a visitor would see as he looked south from the town. Twenty miles away the Atlas Mountains rise magnificently, framing the plain. Marrakech has great appeal for the traveller and for the student of the history of past centuries in North Africa, but as it has become popular as a tourist centre, Mr. Cooper says prices are often more than the British visitor can afford.

There is a small hotel (adequate only) which looks out over the "Yellow Plain," a large meadow carpeted in spring with yellow buttercups. Near by is the great monument commemorating the beginning of the Spanish Civil War in July 1936, for it was from this spot that the invasion of the mainland took place.

The rather rough and twisting main road to Ketama passes through wild and most impressive mountain scenery. It is a most interesting journey. There is a daily bus service linking Tetuàn with Melilla (not interesting), but it is far better to hire a car. The cost is quite reasonable, but be sure that your driver carries sufficient petrol for the trip, also a sound spare tyre. Provided you are agreeable to simple living, then a short stay in Ketama would be rewarding.

Returning to Tetuàn, I next visited the old Portuguese ports of Arcila and Larache. In the former sleepy town the most important building is Raisuli's Palace, with wonderful views of the sea, while twenty miles distant, at Suaxed, there is the Stone Circle of Mzora, the most important megalithic monument in Morocco. The hotel accommodation in Arcila cannot be recommended, but in Larache the Hotel Espana is adequate for a short stay. Just outside this latter pleasant town are the interesting remains of Lixus, an important Roman colony.

Larache is linked with Rabat, in French Morocco, by a fast bus service. It takes you through Alcazarquiver, an entirely Moorish town, lying not far from the French frontier, which is famous for the battle of the "Three Kings" fought in its neighbourhood, an occasion when the Portuguese and two Moorish kings were all killed. Otherwise, a short stay suffices.

It is not easy to describe the tourist attractions of French Morocco in a few hundred words. Perhaps it may clarify the situation if I divide these attractions into three groups: the four famous imperial cities of Rabat, Meknes, Fez and Marrakech; the coastal towns; and the remote, mysterious oases of the desert in Southern Morocco. My itinerary covered all these groups, and I made my journeys by means of the network of bus services which covers the whole country. The ordinary visitor, however, who wishes to travel around in greater comfort might well consider a 23-day tour, by Pullman motor-coach, organised by Motorways Limited (85, Knightsbridge, London, S.W.1). This embraces the main centres of interest, including the four imperial cities, and there are fortnightly departures between December and the end of April. April, December and January—in that order—are the months when weather conditions can generally be relied on to be satisfactory. February and March are normally showery, while in the mountains there may be heavy snowfalls.

There is hardly any need for me to extol the appeal offered by the imperial cities, for in all of them the "last enchantments of the Middle Ages" may still be sensed. I like them all, but to help newcomers in their choice of a place in which best to stay, I would place the four in this order: Marrakech, Fez, Meknes, Rabat.

THE KASBA AT OUARZAZATE, IN THE HEART OF THE ATLAS RANGE: Lying 100 miles south-east of Marrakech by road, and surrounded by flat-topped hills and mountains, is the old town of Ouarzazate. The Kasba, or Citadel, seems to have been formidably built, with high battlements and narrow apertures, sufficient to withstand raiders. In these more pacific times "kasba" has come to mean merely the native quarter, most especially that of Algiers.

At this point some words of advice regarding hotel accommodation in French Morocco may be useful. In the main tourist centres there is accommodation to suit all purses, but I would warn you that in many of the first-class hotels the prices charged are high, often excessively high, and quite beyond the capacity of the ordinary British visitor. I found, indeed, that several of these hotels were only quarter filled; and I am not surprised, for how many people these days want elaborate meals costing 1,000 francs or more? Then there are the "extras," which can be quite alarming in cost. I was, for instance, charged over £2 for a large whisky-and-soda and four tiny ham sandwiches in the Mamounia at Marrakech! Unfortunately, the more reasonably priced hotels seldom offer the superb scenic amenities that make a stay in the expensive establishments so delightful. You must, in fact, pay for the view.

Following the coastal road between Rabat and Agadir, in the far south, I visited Casablanca, Mazagan, Safi and Mogador en route. For the tourist, Casablanca is a modern city without much interest or charm. A feverish building programme is in progress, and sky-scrapers are springing up on all sides. It is pleasant, indeed, to come to Azzemour and Mazagan, where one is reminded of the ancient might of Portugal. Their vast fortifications withstood for centuries the savage attacks of fanatical Moors and the remorseless pounding of the Atlantic, and they are still in good condition. Particularly interesting is the old town of Mazagan, which includes a remarkable subterranean cistern.

Safi is an important commercial port to-day, but it is not a place for a holiday. Mogador, however, can be recommended, for it is delightful and is endowed with a wonderful climate. The Hotel des Iles (expensive) fully merits its stars, while there is more modest accommodation at the Beau Rivage and the Paris hotels. I should mention that the sea here is cold, so winter bathing is out of the question. At Agadir, there is all-the-year-round bathing.

Agadir is undoubtedly the best place on all the Moroccan coast for a winter holiday, and it is pleasant, too, in summer. It is even possible, on occasion, to travel there direct by sea from a Channel port. Back's Travel Service (56, Coram Street, London, W.C.1), a firm specialising in North African travel, could advise you in this matter, and also with your accommodation needs. I can recommend the Hotel Saada in Agadir. It is a first-class establishment, but with reasonable prices, and most of its rooms overlook the sea.

Inland from Agadir—about fifty miles distant—is the very ancient town of Taroudant. Entirely surrounded by crenellated and bastioned ramparts, and situated amidst olive groves and gardens, it is a perfect haven of peace. It is, indeed, one of those rare places to which I long to return. The climate is mild in winter, but very hot in summer. Here, too, is an enchanting hotel, the Marhaba, which is a converted palace, complete with little courtyards and fountains and flowers.

My final mention of French Morocco will interest those persons who wish to seek the peace and surroundings of the desert oases. It is in such places that you can, for a time, live in a state of apparent infinity, where "one forgets everything, one remembers nothing any more." Three such haunts I can recommend are Tafraout, Zagora and Erfoud. All can be reached by bus services, and there are pleasant government-run rest-houses (*Gites d'Etapes*) in which to stay. Information concerning them, and also about any other Moroccan travel matters, is best obtained from the Office Marocain du Tourisme, Rabat. Allow three weeks, however, for a reply to your letter.

Footnote: Tangier is also part of Morocco. Owing to its wet climate in winter, this interesting port is hardly to be considered for a prolonged stay at this period, but it is delightful during the rest of the year. Recommended hotels are: El Minzah, Hermitage and Miramar.

Algeria is the most reliable of the North African French territories for winter sunshine. You can reach Algiers either direct by air or by the excellent steamer service of the French Lines. My suggestion for a holiday there would be a week in Algiers, another week in Biskra or Touggourt.

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Beneath his revered country jacket our man is wearing a collar-attached Summit shirt of lustre poplin that after twenty washings will still look practically as new and cost him 40/- when it was. 2 sleeve lengths, of course.

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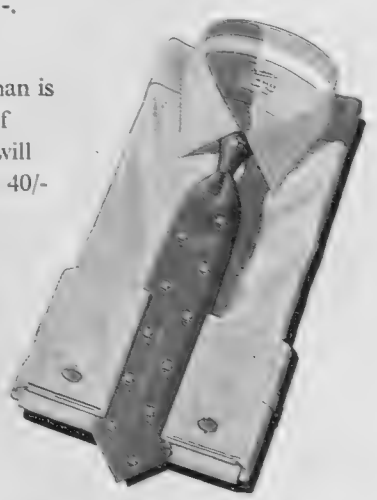

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The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

A MAN OF MANY COLOURS

The Autobiography of the Aga Khan ; a Study of Louis Napoleon ; the Letters of Charles II and the Duchess of Orleans ; Other Autobiographies and Novels

"HE has been a kind and helpful friend. . . . He has been a great traveller and there are few parts of the world that he has not visited either for pleasure or because his political and religious interests made it necessary. He has been a great theatre-goer ; he is an assiduous reader. He has been occupied in affairs in which the fate of nations was involved. He has bred horses and raced them. . . . He has founded a university. . . . Towards the end of this autobiography he remarks that he has never once been bored. . . ."

Positively no prizes are offered to anyone who guesses the identity of the autobiographer or of the man who writes about him, but the answers are, respectively, the Aga Khan and Mr. Somerset Maugham. THE MEMOIRS OF AGA KHAN (Cassell. 21s.) make fascinating reading precisely because there are so many unexpected facets of his character and career to be found in them, and because of the revelation of a man who can be described, in all sincerity, as deeply religious, a knowledgeable and enthusiastic breeder of bloodstock and a widely tolerant statesman.

So many of us, here in England, connect the familiar name of the Aga with the almost equally familiar green and brown colours galloping or, as I once saw it with Mumtaz Mahal, simply cantering past the post, to win. "What beats the Aga's horse Will Win," the tipsters have been saying for years in their ambiguous way, and very often they have been right. In these pages, the Aga explains his theories of breeding racehorses, of training them and of racing them, and brings sound common sense, as well as unusual authority, to the subject.

Naturally one would have missed such passages in his life story, but what are less expected are the Aga Khan's considered views on the British rule in India, on the social life of Edwardian London, on the spiritual aspects of Islam and on his friendships with such diverse people as Florence Nightingale, Elsa Maxwell, Frank Butters, Edward VII, the Nawab of Bhopal, J. H. Taylor, Lady Cunard and Massenet. One begins to see what the Aga means about never having been bored.

Louis Napoleon, nephew of the Emperor Napoleon, is the subject of a scholarly book by Mr. J. M. Thompson, who has now completed a trilogy on French history, of which the preceding volumes deal with the French Revolution and Napoleon Bonaparte. Mr. Thompson writes with a background of erudite research, but the general reader will be just as grateful that he has written on his large and complex subject with so much grace and clarity, and that, with understanding and compassion, he has chosen his chapter headings from *Hamlet*, "the play in which a brave and wise young prince, called to mend a deep wrong done to his house . . . finds that the task is too much for him, and that he has not the strength to make his dreams come true." LOUIS NAPOLEON AND THE SECOND EMPIRE (Blackwell. 32s. 6d.) has been conceived as an historical study of a man whose mission in life was to carry on the work of his uncle and whose measure of success and failure can be estimated after the lapse of nearly a century.

THE KING MY BROTHER (Heinemann. 21s.) combines elements of three books by that distinguished historian of the Stuarts, Mr. Cyril Hughes Hartmann, written over a period of twenty years and dealing with the correspondence between Charles II and his much-loved sister "Madame," the Duchess of Orleans ; the Secret Treaty of Dover, which has been known as the *Traite de Madame* ; and Charles II's attempts to revive Roman Catholicism in Great Britain. The frail, gay, dauntless figure of Charles' "Minette" is shown here most candidly through her own letters, often ill-spelt and ungrammatical but seldom lacking in sensibility or humour. With excisions and re-writing of his own material, Mr. Hartmann has made of this almost a fresh book, but one that still shows as clearly the king's qualities, defects and attractions, and the extraordinary diplomatic achievements of his young sister.

When Miss Elizabeth Borton was a young New England journalist, her editor, with none of the refinements of the *deus ex machina* that he was to prove, sent her on an assignment. "You 're always yammering about going to Mexico," he said in effect, "Now 's your chance." She went, was met by a young public relations officer, and returned later to marry him. With one excellent piece of counsel from her father, that "people get more so, as they grow older," she became Señora de Treviño and has now written the story of her happy Mexican marriage in MY HEART LIES SOUTH (Gollancz. 13s. 6d.). It is a light-hearted, friendly book, but it is also wonderfully informative about the ways of a country and a people who seem, in more than topographical ways, so far from our own.

A LITERARY LUNCHEON IN A CHINESE RESTAURANT : Lady Whyte, Chairman of the Council of the China Society, is seen chatting with Dr. Lin Yutang during a luncheon given by the Society at the Hongkong Restaurant. Dr. Lin left a few days ago for Singapore to take up the post of Chancellor of the Nanyang University, Malaya's new Chinese university. Also seen are Mr. H. I. Fiung, a playwright, Mrs. Lin and Sir Robert Calder-Marshall.

When Mr. King Vidor called his autobiography A TREE IS A TREE (Longmans. 18s.), he was thinking less of the late Miss Gertrude Stein than of an ex-colleague of his in the film business who had a severely practical attitude to the seventh art and who was also credited with the observation that "our comedies are not to be laughed at." Mr. Vidor has known movies from the days of the two-reeler to the advent of sound and whatever is meant by 3-D. I remember his name as the director of a wonderful film about the last war, *The Big Parade*, and a far more recent production, *Duel in the Sun*. He has made more than fifty others, however, and some of his stories of the headaches and triumphs of their production are well worth reading. So are his reminiscences about slightly larger-than-life Hollywood personalities, and I liked the anecdote about the barber who on asking, as barbers will, who had cut his hair last, was bitterly offended to be told, with truth, Charlie Chaplin. "When I ask a civil question, I expect a civil answer," said the aggrieved gentleman.

The two novels that have made most impression on me this week are by a young English and a young American writer. The first is Mrs. Diana Raymond who, in THE SMALL RAIN (Cassell. 10s. 6d.), has told the story of an enchanting summer in Sweden, with undertones of pain and loss, but with a vital core of happiness and affection ; and the second is Mr. John Brooks, whose book, A PRIDE OF LIONS (Gollancz. 12s. 6d.), has a Marquand-like flavour of nostalgia for old traditions.

Mrs. Raymond writes with considerable style and, what is even more important—the sound framework, as it were, for her elegant construction—she tells a story well, inviting the reader from page to page to discover how her characters evolve and how they handle the problems of family ties and new loyalties. It is essentially a slight story ; a series of effective episodes in lives that are already established and that will continue on the same lines after the long, clear, sunny days have shortened into autumn, but it is nevertheless a story that one wants to read to its conclusion, and that leaves one with a quiet afterglow of satisfaction.

Mr. Brooks, in his "novel about an aristocracy," shows, through the device of a young New York publisher's visit to his parents' home, the contrast between crisper and possibly more cynical modern methods and the older insistence on Things-As-They-Have-Always-Been. This is a distinguished piece of work and it is evident that this author is set on a career of importance in the world of letters.

A TIME TO LIVE AND A TIME TO DIE (Hutchinson. 12s. 6d.) is Mr. Erich Maria Remarque's new novel and, like *All Quiet on the Western Front*, which made reputation some twenty-five years ago, a story of the waste and bitterness of war. His hero is a yo German soldier on leave from the Russian fro who in a brief few days in his bombed home city fi something to live for in the love of a girl whose st is at least as tragic as his own. Mr. Remarque a familiar force of expression into the tale, and i interesting to notice that he has used the same syn of butterflies for the evanescence of joy and p as he used in that earlier book.

Mr. John Wiles is a new writer and I think he wi be one to remember. His first novel, THE MOON PLAY WITH (Chatto and Windus. 12s. 6d.), is abo small boy who runs away from his native African vil to Durban when he has discovered the secret murderer. He gets a job at an hotel where his o brother is chef, makes friends with another bootbl and for a little while is happy. Then his new fr gets into trouble and young Pinto decides to him, though in helping him he meets his own de The simplicity and gentleness with which Mr. W tells the short, tragic story is extremely moving, in its flashes of gaiety, heartening, too.

Another new writer is Miss Paula Batchelor, v once decided that she disliked historical novels so m that the only solution would be to write one of own, and make it as near to her critical requirem as possible. This she has done with BED MAJESTI (Methuen. 10s. 6d.), an eighteenth-century tale Grand Duke who models his small court on the gre glories of Versailles and takes to himself some of dignities of the Roi Soleil. To his rococo palace co a lively, young, convent-bred girl with equally ri ideas about the preservation of her virtue and th enjoyment of her life, and with these contrasts, and a spirited picture of a limited and corrupt court life, Miss Batchelor has made a very entertaining little novel.

THE WESTERING PEOPLE

How Lewis and Clark Paved the Way for American Expansion

When Thomas Jefferson assumed political power in the newly-born United States the entire wilderness expanse that lay beyond the Mississippi was a blank, not only on the map but in human thought. Jefferson's bold and uncharacteristically dictatorial stroke in making the Louisiana Purchase really pledged the American people to going on to the Pacific ; they became a westering people. The pioneers of that great trek to the West were Captain Meriwether Lewis, Jefferson's private secretary, a scientific specialist and an experienced riverman, and his friend, Captain William Clark, engineer, geographer, and master of frontier crafts. Their instructions were to explore the Missouri River, the Columbia River, and their tributaries, with a view to establishing a water route to the Pacific, a direct link for the United States with the rich maritime trade of the North-West coast, a link, too, with Canada's beaver country. What Lewis and Clark achieved in that great expedition is now history, and they set out their achievement in an American classic which spread over seven volumes. Mr. Bernard de Voto, American historian of the pioneering days, has now by skilful editing reduced those seven volumes to one, and his presentation of THE JOURNALS OF LEWIS AND CLARK (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 30s.) assists greatly in this magnificent and dramatic story. These men who filled out the map and substituted knowledge for dreams wrote their journal very much in the form of a report, including in the text material which, while relative to the expedition, is unrelated to the running narrative, and is a considerable drag upon it. Mr. de Voto has eliminated these passages, and while recognising that the original edition is still essential for purposes of scholarship, he has realised very fully the needs of the general reader. The characters of the two leaders emerge strongly in the journals. Jefferson clearly knew his men, for through all the trials and tribulations of their great journey they remained fast friends, neither hunger, foul weather, sickness nor unreliable information could shake them. Even in death they were not divided, for the names of Lewis and Clark, who gave the first report on the West, on "the United States over the hill and beyond the sunset," are inseparably linked.

If the United States loomed as the land of opportunity in the days of Lewis and Clark and the century that followed, surely that mantle has in part descended to-day on the land that lies north of the 49th Parallel, that same beaver country upon which Jefferson looked so speculatively, a country where the frontier days are not yet over? In PROSPECT OF CANADA (Secker and Warburg. 21s.) Ernest Watkins surveys the contemporary Canadian scene from the maritime provinces of the West across the prairies and over the Rockies to the richness of British Columbia, where already a great new industrial future is looming. Canada's expanding economy is the author's main theme, but he dwells also on the political progress of this young and vigorous nation which now finds itself the linchpin in Anglo-American relations.

Carlo Maria Franzero, Italian journalist and author, has written a new biography of Nero, but it is doubtful if he has added anything very remarkable to our knowledge or, indeed, written in more exact or popular style than Baring Gould, whose massive *Tragedy of the Cæsars* still enjoys its early popularity. The author goes into interesting detail in describing social conditions in Rome in the days of Nero, and he presents the story, THE LIFE AND TIMES OF NERO (Alvin Redman. 18s.), with dramatic force, but not over-emphasis, which is just as well, for the poisoning of Britannicus, the assassination of Agrippina (the Emperor's mother), the liquidation of Burrus, and the supplanting of the Empress Octavia by the hateful Poppæa, provide drama enough for a dozen books.

In these days the tobacco trade is fighting a dual battle, for dark hints from the medical profession and sinister moves from the Treasury, who have piled on the tax steadily through the years, have created complications. Tobacco needs an ardent, erudite protagonist, and here he is in the person of Alfred Dunhill, who declares that with some people smoking has become an unthinking habit and not essentially a pleasure. To these he addresses THE GENTLE ART OF SMOKING (Reinhardt. 15s.). Mr. Dunhill's book is at once, historical, technical and practical, and in it he has told the story of smoking from earliest times.

Raymond Aron's THE CENTURY OF TOTAL WAR (Verschoyle. 25s.), which has already appeared in France and the United States, is a survey of the contemporary field of international politics by the Diplomatic Correspondent of *Le Figaro*. To British readers the survey is of special interest, as we see the European predicament from the Continental perspective. Professor Aron's writing has been neatly summed up by the book critic of the *New York Times*, "he is cautiously pessimistic, dryly aphoristic and devastatingly lucid."

Obviously in response to popular demand, STEEPLE-CHASING, by John Hislop and John Skeaping, is reprinted (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.). The first edition of this comprehensive book on steeplechasing, written by a famous amateur rider and illustrated by a distinguished artist, appeared in 1951.

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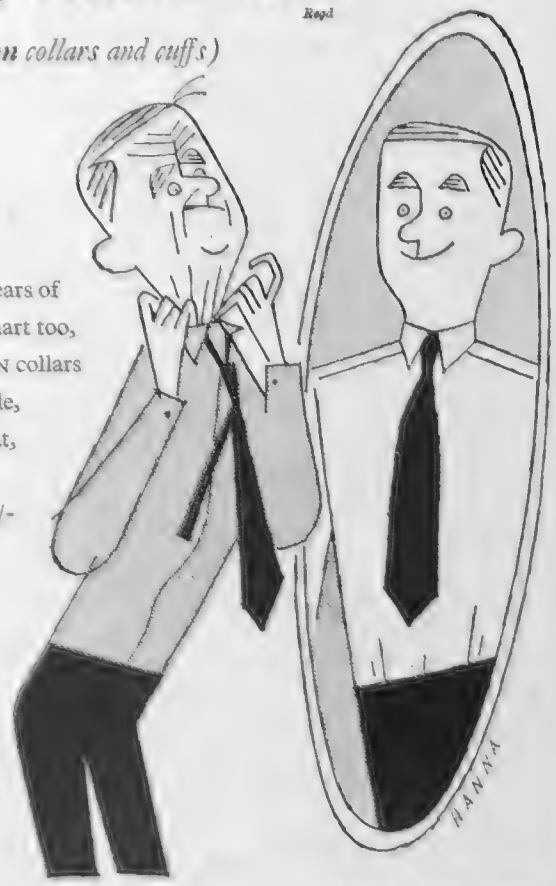

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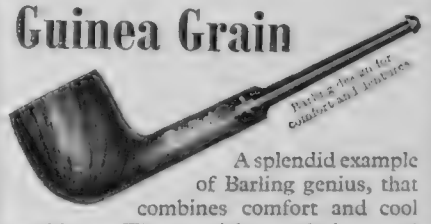

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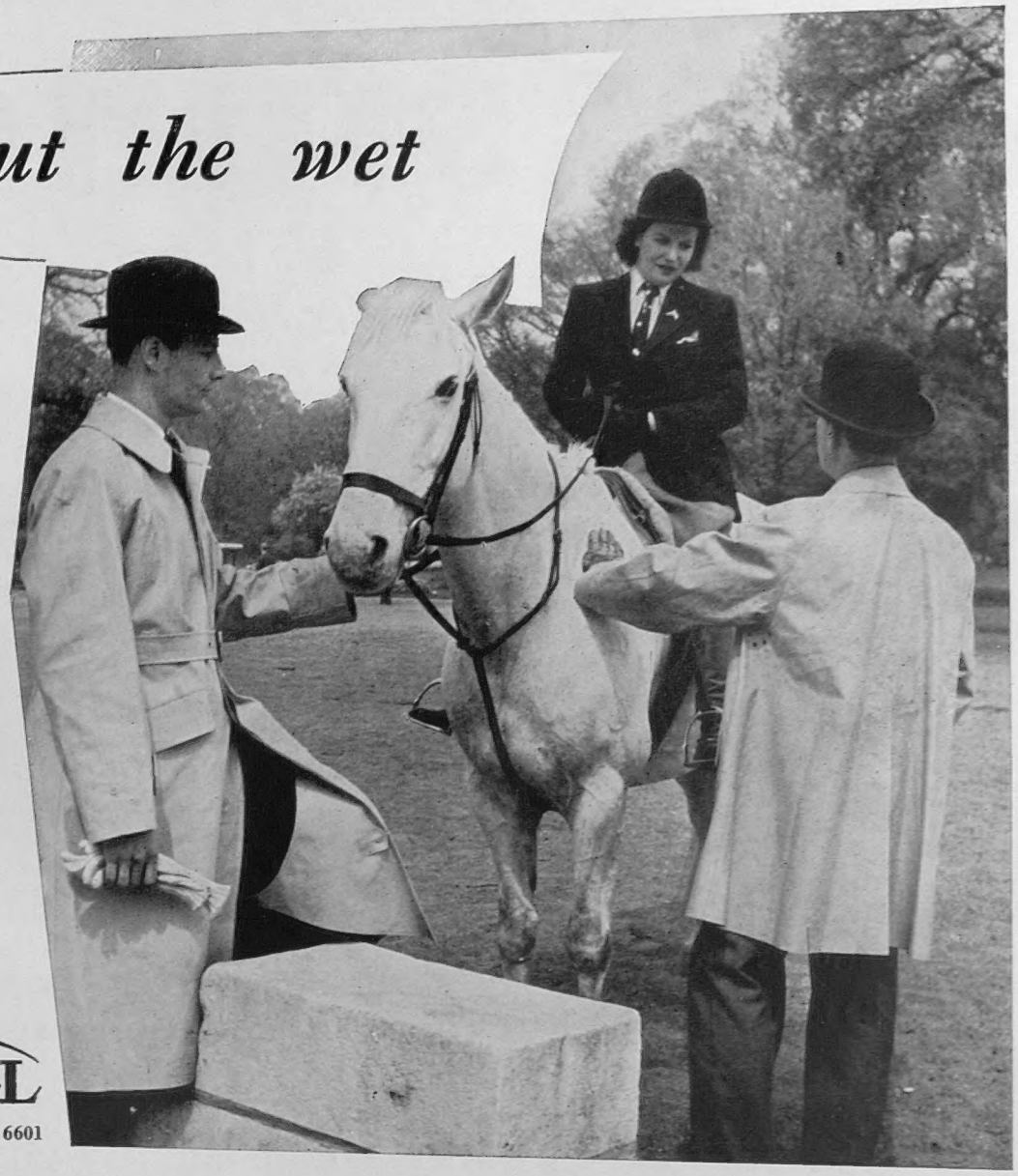

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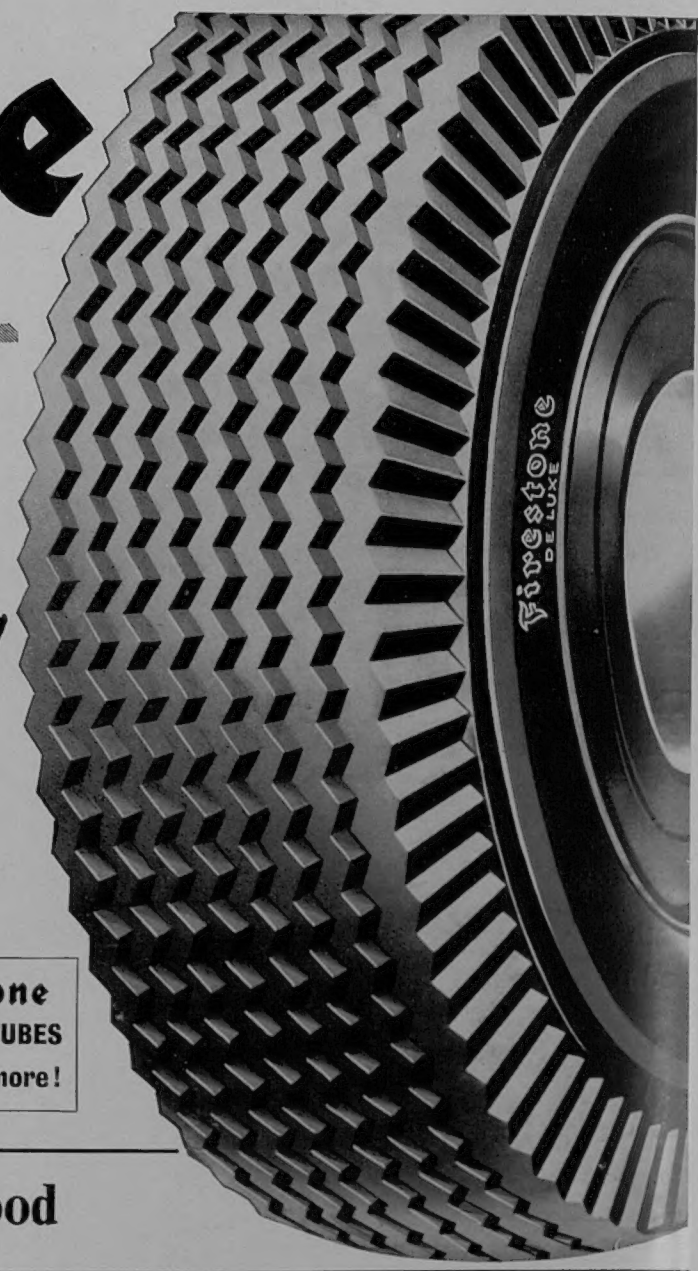

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IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

HAIL to the efficient hotel housekeeper! Too rarely are her qualities recognised by the public. Too few are the hotels where the importance of her status is appreciated. On her devolves the responsibility of cleanliness and completeness of the bedroom into which we are ushered. How pleasant to find fresh flowers to greet us, notepaper, envelopes, a clean ink-well and a new nib.

Full marks to those hotels where the housekeeper introduces herself to new arrivals. The other week I stayed at that showpiece of Trust House Ltd., The Angel, at Guildford. Agreeably pleased by the décor and appropriate re-furnishing of this once coaching hostelry, I was impressed by the fact that within a few minutes of reaching my bedroom, the housekeeper came to see if there was anything I wanted.

During this year I gladly recall other instances of this personal touch at Petwood Hotel, Woodhall Spa, The Burlington Hotel, Folkestone, and The George Hotel, Edinburgh. In some hotels the mantle of housekeeper often falls on, or is shared by, the proprietor's or manager's wife. It is this personal touch which can so easily make or mar our hotel stay. Mrs. R. Paul, joint manager with her husband, is, for example, always "on tap," so to speak, at Torquay's Grand Hotel. Mrs. R. Bray, additional to her experienced manager, Mr. Metters, is ever solicitous for one's comfort at Bourne Hall Hotel, Bournemouth. Perhaps the most amazing woman of all is Mrs. Eglinton Adams, of The Crest Hotel, Crowborough, Sussex, who recently celebrated her eightieth birthday.

I have said more than once that women often make the best hoteliers. Here is evidence to prove my point. What better conducted hotels will you find in Scotland than The Falls of Lora Hotel, Connel Ferry, near Oban, run by Mrs. Stewart, The Sutherland Arms Hotel, Lairg, owned and personally run by Mrs. Fotheringham, or Mrs. Huggard, of the Butler Arms, Waterville, Co. Kerry, Eire.

In England those who have met the Misses Bown, of the Hotel Russel, Harrogate, Mrs. Tilla How, of Mount Pleasant Hotel, Malvern, will agree I have plenty of evidence to prove my point.

Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to Mr. Ashley Courtenay, c/o The Editor, The Sphere, Ingram House, 195 - 198, Strand, London, W.C.2.

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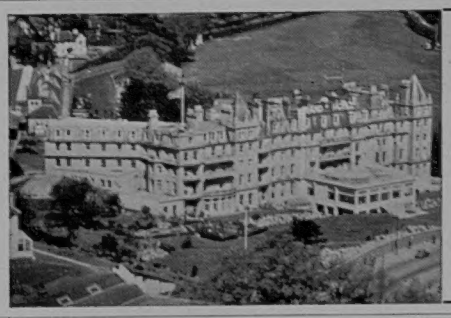

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